

Plankton's Journey To The Central Nervous System Of Sandy Cheeks

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23110939) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23110939>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Rape/Non-Con
Category:	F/F , F/M
Fandom:	SpongeBob SquarePants (Cartoon)
Relationship:	Sandy Cheeks/SpongeBob SquarePants , Karen/Sheldon J. Plankton (SpongeBob) , Sandy Cheeks/Karen
Character:	Karen (SpongeBob) , Sheldon J. Plankton , Sandy Cheeks , SpongeBob SquarePants
Additional Tags:	WTF , Fanfiction , Giantess - Freeform , Neurophilia (Brain Fetish) , Dark Comedy , Ears , Animal Ears , SpongeBob SquarePants References , Surgery , Brain Damage , Insanity , Vore , Cranial Vore , Mind Control , Partial Mind Control , Nudity , Partial Nudity , Bukkake , Rape , Torture , Emotional/Psychological Abuse , Psychological Trauma , Psychological Torture , Horror , Comedy , Weirdness , Ear Surgery Fetish , Foot Fetish , Bestiality , Blow Jobs , Foot Jobs , Ear Fucking , Face-Fucking , Eye Sex , Torture Porn , Blood Play , Sadism , Public Humiliation , Humiliation , Cum Eating , Bisexuality , Cheating , Prostitution , Adultery , Heart Licking , Tickling , Non-Consensual Tickling , Bondage , ticks , Parasites , Formicophilia , Electrocution , Implied/Referenced Incest , Tentacle Rape , Tentacle Sex , Tentacles , French Kissing , foot worship , Gross , Anatomy , Fucked Up , Why Did I Write This? , This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things , Pretentious , Overly long , Rule 34 , Alternate Character Interpretation , Femdom , Maledom , Dark Crack
Stats:	Published: 2020-03-11 Chapters: 3/3 Words: 22886

Plankton's Journey To The Central Nervous System Of Sandy Cheeks

by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

One day in Bikini Bottom, Plankton sneaks inside Sandy's brain and takes control over it. That's all you really need to know, if I'm being honest.

Chapter 1

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM OF SANDY CHEEKS

by XanderMartin98 (of freaking course)

One rather deceptively peaceful and boring afternoon in Bikini Bottom, Spongebob had a whole week's worth of days off from his burger-cooking job at the Krusty Krab due to Spring Break requirements (which Mr. Krabs strongly objected to, as one would most likely expect...until he was held at gunpoint by Squidward, that is) and had therefore decided to spend the first day of said week going on a good old-fashioned date with one of his absolute best friends in the whole wide world (Sandy Cheeks, obviously).

After ironically going to the Krusty Krab and ordering exactly two Krabby Patties to-go so that they could ever-so-merrily eat said burgers together at the picnic table in Sandy's TreeDome (while the rather sexily bikini-clad Sandy lovingly teased Spongebob about how quickly he had to scarf his down in order to still have time to put his water helmet back on before his entire body dried up, of course), Spongebob and the thoroughly re-space-suited Sandy had decided to take the latter's sun-bathing chairs to the rather surprisingly deserted Goo Lagoon and contentedly sleep together while VERY mushily dreaming about cuddling and kissing each other.

MEANWHILE, AT THE CHUM BUCKET...

"Ugh...TALK about vomit-inducing sappiness! Why, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that those two are a full-fledged MARRIED couple!" Plankton (who was standing atop the coffee table of his living room) stuck his tongue out and disgustedly groaned in disapproval as Karen (his sentient computer and *desperately holds breath to stop self from laughing* wife) reluctantly displayed his remote-controlled flying camera drone's rather stalker-ish live recording of Spongebob and Sandy sleeping together at Goo Lagoon while he steered said drone through said beach's basically non-existent air using what appeared to be a very heavily modified RC car controller.

"Wow, look who's talking!" Karen rather annoyedly reminded Plankton, causing him to exasperatedly roll his eye in response.

"Anyway, WHY exactly are you watching these two sleep with each other, again? You don't actually expect the two of them to mate with each other in PUBLIC, do you?" Karen rather worriedly asked Plankton while said micro-organism began lecherously drooling and panting from the mere thought of watching Sandy and Spongebob engage in sexual intercourse with each other, causing Karen to VERY disgustedly slap him across the face with her left hand in response.

"Oh, for CRYING out loud, haven't you freaking SEEN the types of crazy-ass things that those two are willing to do in public? Honestly, they practically make ME look sane by comparison, for Neptune's sake!" Plankton rubbed his sore and aching right cheek with his right hand and very loudly and frustratedly pointed out to Karen, who was now firmly grasping her non-existent "hips" with her hands and VERY disappointedly glaring straight down at him using her "digital eyes" feature.

"Well, yeah, but you still haven't answered my question using actual words; WHY are you suddenly so interested in spying on these two during their beauty rest, apart from you just naturally being a total creep?" Karen persistently continued asking Plankton, continuing to angrily glare at him as she did so.

"Because I've been waiting for SUCH a long freaking time to finally get my revenge on Sandy for constantly rubbing her so-called 'super-intelligence' in my face as if she's SO much smarter than I am...and personally, I think that now I finally know EXACTLY how to do so!" Plankton rubbed his hands together like a filthy little fly and maliciously cackled with glee while Karen ever-so-exhaustedly shrugged and groaned "here we go again" to herself in response.

"Well, what are you WAITING for? SHRINK-A-TIZE ME, KAREN!" Plankton threw his arms straight up into the "air" and FAR-too-excitedly commanded Karen while said computer wife of his inexplicably transformed her right hand into a "shrink ray" cannon and then VERY reluctantly complied with said order in response.

"Now go ahead and open the garage for me, Karen; you've got a military TANK to load me into, not to mention an 'innocent, unassuming' squirrel lady's EAR to shoot me into!" Plankton (despite being even more laughably tiny than he normally was) ever-so-imperiously continued commanding Karen while said computer VERY fearfully whispered "I just KNOW that I'm not going to like this" to herself in response.

TEN MINUTES LAY-TERR, AT GOO LAGOON, APPROXIMATELY THIRTY SECONDS AFTER KAREN HAD INCREASINGLY-RELUCTANTLY USED PLANKTON'S AFOREMENTIONED PLANK-TANK TO BOMB SAID BEACH WITH ONE OF HIS TRADEMARKED "SILENT BUT DEADLY" SLEEPING GAS BOMBS...

"Oh, MAN...this is just TOO easy..." Plankton increasingly-arousedly moaned to himself as his very un-stealthily life-sized Plank-Tank (which Karen was piloting from within) slowly but surely approached the rather surprisingly humble beauty-resting place of Spongebob and Sandy with said micro-organism already being thoroughly loaded into the secondary micro-cannon underneath its main cannon (and also wearing a nigh-indestructible and very fittingly bright-green mechanical space suit that was very clearly modeled after hazmat suits and also featured a very conveniently water-filled and ALSO nigh-indestructible astronaut helmet, although the actual "suit" portion of said space suit rather ironically was mostly just his way of protecting himself from the effects of his own sleeping gas and whatnot).

"Plankton, seriously, are you SURE that you really want to do this to this poor little sweetheart? I mean, COME on, she's just trying to freaking SLEEP, for God's sake! What did she ever REALLY do to YOU, huh?! ANSWER ME!" Karen abruptly parked the Plank-Tank approximately 500 feet away from Spongebob and Sandy (who were both facing more-or-less-directly toward its front) and began increasingly-furiously nagging at Plankton (as if she was his Jewish mother, no less) using her cell phone's direct communication link to the antennae of his suit's helmet (which would basically never be used again due to how utterly pointless of a feature of said suit it actually was, but I digress).

"Oh, good LORD; why don't you try saving your utterly shameless guilt-tripping for someone who actually freaking CARES, you pathetic sniveling crybaby?" Plankton bitterly and hatefully sneered at Karen, who VERY irritatedly crossed her arms over her chest and went "HMPH" in response while Plankton's aforementioned sleeping gas continued to surprisingly-invisibly linger in the "air" that was surrounding Spongebob and Sandy.

"FINE, then; maybe I WILL, you freaking annoying jackass!" Karen somewhat jokingly sneered back at Plankton as she used the Plank-Tank's targeting screen to VERY carefully aim said tank's micro-cannon directly at the top of Sandy's forehead (give or take trajectory adjustments) before then finally readying herself to hit said tank's ALTERNATE FIRE button and therefore rather regrettably allow Plankton to give Sandy the downright agonizing headache (not to mention quite possibly the mental illness) of a lifetime.

"3...2...1..." Karen rather audibly swallowed her pride and began increasingly-ominously counting down, with her hands VERY nervously trembling as she did so while Plankton just smugly grinned from ear to ear and whispered "now THAT'S the type of thing that I like to hear; any second now" to himself.

"F-F-FIRE!" Karen VERY self-loathingly stammered as she forcefully hit the Plank-Tank's aforementioned ALTERNATE FIRE button with her right index finger, sending Plankton flying an incredible distance through the "air" and directly toward Sandy's ever-so-shiny glass helmet while said micro-organism rather predictably (not to mention idiotically) yelled "SANDY'S BRAIN, HERE I COME" and whatnot at the tops of his comically diminutive lungs all the while, causing Karen to VERY disappointedly face-palm herself with her right hand and very relatably mutter "when will he ever learn?" underneath her breath in response while dejectedly shaking her head as if to say "no" as she did so.

"CRACK!" Sandy's helmet rather distinctly went as Plankton (with the help of his suit, of course) busted an extremely small but EXTREMELY unfortunate hole right through it before then finally landing atop her delightfully warm and fuzzy scalp with a rather satisfyingly resounding THUD...a THUD that Karen almost mistook for a SPLAT at first, no less, causing her to become all the more ironically worried about Plankton's well-being (not to mention whether or not said micro-organism actually was, in fact, still alive) as a result.

"Hey, Plankton, are you all right by any chance? Did my shot reach its target, darling?" Karen somewhat fearfully asked Plankton using her cell phone, to which Plankton ever-so-smugly shrugged his shoulders and replied "why, of COURSE, honey; you've got absolutely NOTHING to worry about".

"Uh, YEAH, I'm DEFINITELY going to have to whole-heartedly disagree with THAT particular statement of yours, mister..." Karen VERY abruptly hung up on Plankton and then rather disgustedly muttered to herself as she promptly turned the Plank-Tank right around and then drove it straight back to the Chum Bucket, where it belonged.

"Now let's see here...which one of these utterly adorable little ears of hers should I sneak into Sandy's head through? Eenie, meenie, minie...oh, SCREW it, they're both exactly the freaking same anyway!" Plankton somewhat nervously wondered out loud to himself, then rather frustratedly reminded himself as he quickly yet quietly scampered his way across the top of the (thankfully) still-fast-asleep Sandy's head and into her left ear while the hole that he had just made in her helmet somehow automatically repaired itself due to said helmet being made out of her very recently patented Regenerating Glass (but not quite quickly enough to prevent some of Plankton's aforementioned sleeping gas, along with quite a bit of Sandy's local ocean water, from ever-so-sneakily seeping its way into Sandy's suit through said hole, of course).

"HELLO? Anyone HEAR (HERE)?" Plankton (who was now very unwelcomely standing in Sandy's left ear funnel) briefly pulled out a megaphone from his suit's infinite-storage-boasting Hammerspace (left pants) pocket and then rather teasingly yelled into Sandy's left ear canal through said megaphone in a rather disturbingly perfect imitation of Spongebob's voice, somehow managing to ham said performance up so ridiculously much that his words quite literally echoed all the way through Sandy's head and then came out of said head through her right ear.

"Of COURSE, Spongebob; geez, you really shouldn't yell so loudly! My TreeDome can and WILL break, you know!" Sandy somewhat annoyedly scolded Spongebob out loud in her sleep (since, after all, she was still very passionately dreaming about him) while Plankton snidely chuckled "heh heh, what an utter FOOL" to himself as he ever-so-slyly tip-toed his way into Sandy's left ear canal, where he was immediately greeted by the ever-so-wonderful sight of Sandy's disgustingly

detailed ear flesh, ear wax and ear hair (not to mention her generally rather eerily human ear anatomy).

"EUGH...I sure do hope that reaching Sandy's brain is worth going through THIS, I gotta say..." Plankton nauseatedly groaned as he VERY carefully tip-toed his way past the numerous clumps of sticky and slimy wax in Sandy's left ear canal, also making sure to not make her ear hairs vibrate too much (despite the fact that he had just yelled at her loudly enough for said yell to travel all the way through her entire hearing system, mind you) as he gently but very rapidly made his way to the end of Sandy's left ear canal, where he was very rudely greeted by a rather freakishly large and bloody weak spot on her left eardrum.

"Gawwly, I SHORE hope ya don't mind me wand'ring into yer noggin ta see hwat's makin' ya TICK, pard'ner!" Plankton spitefully mocked Sandy (mostly her extreme Southern-fried-ness), gratefully looking up at the small but incredibly bloated (genetically modified miniature Asian Longhorned) tick that was now (sucking) on the upper-right corner of Sandy's left eardrum (so that it could then later proceed to crawl straight back out of the ever-so-adorably unsuspecting Sandy's left ear and THEN lay yet ANOTHER great big batch of somehow-instantly-hatching eggs for her to accidentally forget to manually exterminate a rather maddeningly scant few of the resulting larvae/babies from in her precious little eco-friendly TreeDome once she finally got back to said TreeDome and removed her suit there) as he briefly pulled out a laser knife from his suit's aforementioned (not to mention incredibly convenient) Hammerspace pocket so that he could cut a nice big (bloody) hole through Sandy's left eardrum using said weak spot.

"Gee WHIZ, Spongebob; your voice is so frickin' annoying that it's actually managed to perforate one of my EARDRUMS!" Sandy increasingly-irritatedly continued scolding Spongebob out loud in her sleep as Plankton deviously and cacklingly made his way through said blissfully unaware squirrel lady's left middle ear, making especially sure to not accidentally fall down her left eustachian tube as he then proceeded to deftly squeeze his way through the entrance opening of Sandy's left inner ear, where he was greeted by a shockingly complex maze of hearing tubes that actually required him to use his suit's Anatomical GPS feature so that he could figure out how to successfully navigate his way through it without driving himself (even more) utterly insane in the process.

"And now the ear of mine that said eardrum belongs to is RINGING, for crying out loud!" Sandy exasperatedly finished scolding Spongebob out loud in her sleep as Plankton finally reached her vestibulocochlear nerve and was transported directly into her incredibly powerful and actually rather fascinatingly complex brain through said nerve while the "air purification" feature of her suit finally kicked in and began automatically removing the recently introduced traces of Plankton's sleeping gas from said suit.

"Sweet mother of Neptune, it's so freaking BEAUTIFUL..." Plankton orgasmically (not to mention DROOLINGLY) moaned, nearly creaming himself from his own sheer excitement as he indulgently feasted his eye on the gorgeously fleshy, spongy, veiny and wrinkly (not to mention weirdly hollow) interior of Sandy's brain (which, luckily enough, was still blissfully unaware of his presence within it as he spoke), taking note of the astonishingly neat and tidy network of neuron wires in its upper section as he increasingly-eagerly made his way through its lower section so that he could then proceed to FINALLY take control over the rather unfortunately interactive super-computer that was somehow built into its frontal lobe.

"Heh heh...let's see how useful this fancy-schmancy INTELLIGENCE of yours is to you when I'M the one behind the metaphorical steering wheel of its source, Sandy!" Plankton very hatefully and ever-so-enviously sneered as he immediately stepped into the control cockpit surrounding said super-computer and pressed its POWER button with his right hand, immediately turning it back on

and causing Sandy to VERY suddenly wake up as a result while the electrical activity that had already been going on in her neuron wires began to (rather notably) intensify accordingly.

"HUH?" Sandy reflexively swung her back straight up into sitting position (luckily, the internal floor of her brain somehow had its own gravitational pull) and loudly gasped in shock as she rather abruptly woke from her beauty rest while the sleeping gas that had previously been surrounding her and Spongebob finally began fading from the "air".

"Alright, Karen, I'm in! Now, since you apparently seem to have such a cripplingly massive crush on the 'cuddly little sweetie-pie', go ahead and tell me; what are the log-in name and password of Sandy's Microsoft account?" Plankton pulled out his cell phone from his suit's Hammerspace pocket and VERY smugly asked Karen through it while Sandy's suit somehow automatically flushed all of the water that had just recently leaked into it out of itself.

"Go ahead, MAKE me freaking tell you!" Karen increasingly-hatefully-and-angrily sneered at Plankton through her own cell phone, nearly crushing it in her left hand Vegeta-style as she did so.

"Go a-HEAD, just IMAGINE how much DAMAGE I might cause to this oh-so-precious little BRAIN of hers if you don't follow my ORDERS! I freaking DARE you!" Plankton downright-sadistically sneered back at Karen through HIS own cell phone, confirming the sincerity of said waifu death(?) threat by forcefully hanging up on her (just for extra emphasis, no less) RIGHT after he had finished making it.

"SandraChilton99 and GR5cLQx74" Karen horrifiedly and VERY hastily texted to Plankton using HER own cell phone, causing said micro-organism to increasingly-devilishly grin from ear to ear and ever-so-maliciously cackle like a (quite literal) demon in response.

"Gosh, how long of a time HAVE I been dreaming about Spongebob for? And why is everyone else here asleep?" Sandy rather confusedly wondered out loud to herself, placing her right hand (quite literally) over her forehead and curiously looking around to see whether or not there actually was even a single non-asleep "person" in her entire general vicinity other than her; surely enough, there wasn't.

"And WHY is my left ear in such downright excruciating PAIN all of a sudden?" Sandy placed her left hand onto the left side of her helmet and indignantly whined while Plankton ever-so-sneakily logged himself into her aforementioned brain control super-computer and then immediately went straight into its Manual Control Panel.

"Most importantly, WHY do I have such an incredibly sneaking suspicion that someone and/or some-THING somehow just snuck into my- HOLY CRAP, WHAT THE HELL?!" Sandy nervously glanced back and forth around herself and increasingly-confusedly began whispering to herself, then suddenly went cross-eyed for roughly three entire seconds and downright-horrifiedly screamed in shock (causing Spongebob to wake up just as suddenly and startledly as she had, naturally enough) as Plankton gleefully took control over her arms and made her pull her suit's main zipper down with her right hand in order to expose her slim, sexy and irresistibly bikini-clad chest.

"OOH, YEAH...I gotta say, THIS woman right here is DEFINITELY going to be one INCREDIBLY fun new toy for me to play with..." Plankton lasciviously drooled, panted and moaned as he used the third-person "mind's eye" mode of the Vision program in Sandy's brain to get himself an incredibly thorough eyeful of the ever-so-adorably plump, round and juicy shape(s) of Sandy's breasts while he still had the chance; needless to say, his helmet's antennae were both standing INCREDIBLY straight up as he did so.

"SPONGEBOB, PLEASE CALL THE NEAREST DOCTOR RIGHT NOW, PLEASE! THERE'S SOMEONE IN MY FREAKING HEAD RIGHT NOW, I SWEAR TO CHRIST! AND THERE'S AT LEAST A 95% CHANCE THAT SAID SOMEONE'S NAME IS PLANKTON! YOU ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO HELP ME GET HIM OUT, I'M BEGGING YOU!" Sandy VERY hastily re-closed her suit's main zipper and then immediately began maniacally yelling and shrieking in horror, grabbing Spongebob by the armpits and wildly shaking the crap out of him as she did so while her eyes suddenly became distinctly bloodshot and changed the shape(s) of their pupils from "black dots" to "black circles" just for extra emphasis; needless to say, the fellow beach attendants surrounding her and Spongebob gave her all SORTS of weird looks in response.

"Oh, CALM down, Sandy; we both know that you really just had a bad dream! It's all in your HEAD, you silly goose!" Spongebob shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-playfully teased Sandy while the poor (squirrel) girl began trembling even more nervously in response...before then suddenly turning herself right around and throwing him into Goo Lagoon's namesake brine pool as Plankton began taking control over the rest of her body (starting with her ever-so-delightfully lovely and slender legs, of course).

"HEY, what the heck was THAT for?!" Spongebob shook his right fist at Sandy and irritably yelled at her as he brine-drippingly walked his way back over to where she was standing while she very tightly (not to mention meditatively) closed her eyes and desperately struggled to resist Plankton's newfound control over her...but unfortunately, said effort was already completely useless.

"SPONGEBOB, SERIOUSLY, HE'S ALREADY AT MY BEHAVIORAL COMMAND CENTER AS WE SPEAK! I'M ABOUT TO OFFICIALLY NO LONGER EVEN BE IN CONTROL OF MY OWN ACTIONS, FOR GOD'S SAKE! WHO KNOWS WHAT THAT FREAKING SICK BASTARD MIGHT MAKE ME DO FOR HIS OWN AMUSEMENT!?" Sandy tightly clutched her helmet with both of her hands and increasingly-mortifiedly continued shrieking at Spongebob at the tops of her ever-loving lungs while Frank (who was Goo Lagoon's lifeguard from "Ripped Pants" in this episode) snuck up behind her and quite literally kicked her right in the ass in response.

"HEY! Watch where you're going, ya FOOL!" Sandy turned around to face Frank and rather angrily yelled at him, shaking her right fist at him in the classic "pissed-off driver" fashion that we all know and love as she did so.

"Oh, I'M sorry; I'm no longer in CONTROL of my ACTIONS!" Frank shrugged his shoulders and VERY sarcastically teased Sandy as both he and literally every other non-Sandy "person" at the beach (yes, even including Spongebob) then immediately proceeded to INCREDIBLY-spitefully point and laugh at her in response (not to mention unison).

"STOP FREAKING LAUGHING AT ME!" Sandy buried her face in her hands, sat down on the ground in criss-cross (applesauce) position and miserably cried while everyone around her continued pointing and laughing at her more-or-less just for the pure pleasure of doing so (perhaps also to make fun of her for being a land critter rather than a sea creature, but that's a very different story for another much later point in this episode).

"Hmm, let's see here...what method of utterly sadistic torture should I use on her first?" Plankton rather confusedly scratched his helmet with his right hand and ever-so-curiously wondered out loud to himself before then proceeding to grin from ear to ear, rub his hands together like the greedy little bastard that he was and quite frankly always had been, and supremely-maliciously cackle with delight as he suddenly began having ideas...horrible, wonderful, utterly AWFUL ideas!

"Heh heh heh...HUH?" Plankton ever-so-smugly chuckled to himself...then rather confusedly gasped in surprise as all of a sudden, completely out of nowhere, his cell phone began ringing yet again!

"YES? What is it THIS time, I wonder?" Plankton increasingly-frustratedly and rather sarcastically groaned as he pulled out his cell phone from his suit's Hammerspace pocket yet again and rather reluctantly readied himself for yet ANOTHER incredibly whiny lecture from his ridiculously over-protective (computer) wife.

"Plankton, please don't torment my sweet little squirrel-shaped cupcake TOO much, okay? I REALLY don't want to see her die and/or get locked up in an asylum as a result of whatever downright unholy things you're presumably planning to do to her right now; do you freaking HEAR me, mister?" Karen increasingly-worriedly continued nagging at Plankton while said micro-organism exasperatedly rolled his eye and VERY hatefully muttered "freaking lesbian 'social justice' whore" to himself in response.

"WHAT was that, mister?" Karen downright-SEETHINGLY hissed at Plankton, rather audibly trembling with pent-up anger as she did so.

"Oh, nothing! TEE HEE HEE!" Plankton ever-so-snidely-and-gigglingly teased Karen, hanging up on her as he did so.

"UGH! For the love of Christ, how much more freaking selfish and arrogant can that utterly obnoxious little bastard GET?!" Karen rolled her (digital) eyes, threw her arms out beside herself and disgustedly groaned in VERY genuinely intense disapproval, already wanting to terminate her marriage to Plankton more and more with each passing minute while said micro-organism ever-so-deviously agreed with Sandy's rather startlingly urgent and desperate request to be taken to the nearest doctor for a much-needed "head surgery" operation.

"SPONGEBOB, SERIOUSLY, I'M LITERALLY GOING TO FREAKING DIE IF YOU DON'T TAKE ME TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL RIGHT NOW!" Sandy got down onto her knees, placed her hands together in prayer position, and began mawkishly crying and wailing in a downright-pathetically desperate attempt to get Spongebob to take her to said Bikini Bottom Hospital while Spongebob crossed his arms over his chest, lowered the top parts of his eyelids, impatiently tapped his left foot against the ground and VERY sarcastically glared at her as if to say "gee WHIZ, are you freaking DONE yet?".

"Okay, okay, I freaking GET it; you think that Plankton has invaded your brain, so you want the local doctors to fish him out of there, right?" Spongebob increasingly-annoyedly performed a rather distinct "back off" gesture with his hands and exhaustedly sighed, shooting various types of shockingly evil glares at his fellow Goo-Lagoon-occupying sea creatures in order to (surprisingly successfully) get them to FINALLY stop (pointing and) laughing at her.

"YES..." Sandy shrugged her shoulders and VERY exhaustedly sighed back as she and Spongebob rather hastily made their way back to the latter's Boat-Mobile so that the latter could drive the former straight to the aforementioned Bikini Bottom Hospital for some good old-fashioned head parasite removal.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LAY-TERR, IN THE BIKINI BOTTOM HOSPITAL...

"Greetings, young patient; what exactly seems to be the main problem with you today, pardon my asking?" Dr. Gill Gilliam rather curiously asked Sandy as she and Spongebob eagerly walked into his operating room, with the former looking absolutely terrified while the latter looked WAY too calm and oblivious for his own good.

"There's a mind-controlling parasite in my head right now; I repeat, THERE IS A MIND-CONTROLLING PARASITE LIVING IN MY FREAKING BRAIN RIGHT NOW AND I CAN'T GET IT OUT! MAYDAY, I TELL YOU! MAYDAY!" Sandy gently yet firmly grabbed Dr. Gill by the shoulders and nervously but otherwise rather surprisingly-calmly began explaining to him...then suddenly went cross-eyed and began wildly shrieking at the tops of her lungs yet again as Plankton re-took control over her body just to royally freak Dr. Gill out for his (Plankton's) own utterly sadistic amusement.

"N-Now, now, n-no need t-to jump t-to conclusions so q-quickly!" Dr. Gill nervously backed away from Sandy and rather frightenedly stammered, making a rather important mental note about how "abnormally hyperactive and unstable" Sandy had become as he did so while Spongebob just increasingly-excitedly stared at her and thought to himself about how incredibly "just like him" she was now becoming.

"L-Let's give y-you an X-Ray s-scan first, s-shall we?" Dr. Gill tremblingly and sweatingly suggested, reluctantly grabbing Sandy's left hand with his own right hand and then forcefully dragging her over to his X-Ray scanner so that said X-Ray scan could finally commence.

ONE OBLIGATORY STRIPPING-DOWN-TO-HER-BIKINI-AND-A-LITERAL-FISHBOWL-HELMET OF SANDY (TOTALLY NOT FOR FAN-SERVICE-RELATED REASONS, I SWEAR) LAY-TERR...

"Wow...it's so deliciously FUTURISTIC...I swear I can almost TASTE it..." Spongebob rather creepily (not to mention droolingly) moaned with delight as he rather stalker-ish-ly ogled the X-Ray scanner's real-time recording of Sandy's insides, causing both Sandy herself and Dr. Gill to rather understandably give him astonishingly weird looks in response while the former dutifully stood behind said scanner's recording screen in order to make it display said real-time recording of her internal organs, bones and whatnot.

"Hmm...well, I gotta say, your insides all generally seem pretty healthy to me, all things considered..." Dr. Gill rather reluctantly began explaining to Sandy while Spongebob suddenly extended his tongue to a downright ludicrous length and began passionately licking the X-Ray scanner's display of said squirrel lady's rather un-surprisingly big and beating heart while she just second-hand-embarrassedly went "UHH" in response.

"...except for what appears to be a live and quite possibly asexually reproducing TICK that just so happens to be rather...ahem...ATTACHED to your left eardrum as we speak, that is!" Dr. Gill rather disgustedly pointed out, awkwardly twitching his lower eyelids and turning rather distinctly "green around the gills" (while Sandy did much of the same) as he and Sandy VERY reluctantly began imagining just how revoltingly long of a time said tick (which was represented as a very brightly colored and rather surprisingly-distinctly tick-shaped dot at the end of her left ear canal on the X-Ray scanner's map of her body, naturally enough) had most likely already spent sucking the blood from said squirrel lady's poor, POOR little (left) eardrum as he spoke.

"Aww; I can already tell right now that it's going to be such a CUTE little bugger! Once we've finally gotten it out of there, CAN I KEEP IT?" Spongebob ever-so-gaily crossed his legs, ever-so-flamboyantly fluttered his eyelashes and ever-so-naively crooned with X-Ray-induced excitement while Sandy and Dr. Gill increasingly-exasperatedly rolled their eyes and yelled "HOW ABOUT NO?!" at him in response.

"ANYWAY (sigh), what about my BRAIN? Are you SURE that there's really no one messing around in there at all and that I've really just been excessively freaking out over having a bug in my ear this whole time?" Sandy clasped her hands together and increasingly-worriedly asked Dr. Gill,

nervously glancing back and forth around herself as she did so.

"Fortunately enough, it would appear that the current answer to that question is indeed YES; I've already rather thoroughly looked over this X-Ray scanner's display of your central nervous system several times, and not even a SINGLE un-natural or unusual thing has been detected in your brain at all, so at least THAT'S good news, I suppose." Dr. Gill very relievedly (not to mention relievingly) explained to Sandy while Plankton (who had just recently used his suit's "cloaking" feature to make himself invisible and even more-or-less-flawlessly mask his thermal signature) ever-so-deviously rubbed his increasingly grubby little hands together and ever-so-snidely chuckled out the word "SUCKERS" to himself in response.

"Oh...well, that's all well and good, I suppose, even though I absolutely refuse to believe it, but what about the TICK? How exactly are you planning to get rid of IT, may I ask?" Sandy very impatiently crossed her arms over her chest and rather skeptically asked Dr. Gill, sincerely hoping that he wasn't planning to use an excessively and generally-needlessly painful method such as the world's sharpest pair of-

"TWEEZERS, of course! Why, this is going to be such an incredibly quick and simple operation that you hopefully won't even need any PAIN-KILLERS for it!" Dr. Gill merrily laughed, slapping Sandy on the back with his right hand in classic "father and son" fashion as he did so while Sandy suddenly stopped dead in her tracks, shrunk her pupils to a nearly microscopic size, and rather audibly gulped in response.

"Now, HOLD on a minute; how exactly are we supposed to stick a pair of tweezers into Sandy's ear without removing her helmet?" Spongebob rather nervously backed away from Dr. Gill and surprisingly-logically asked him, confusedly scratching the top-left corner of his head with his left index finger as he did so.

"Simple; we DON'T!" Dr. Gill shrugged his shoulders and merrily chuckled, grabbing his rather conveniently placed medical toolbox off of the floor and then immediately waltzing straight out of his operating room as Sandy reluctantly put her suit back on and followed him and Spongebob to the nearest ambulance so that the three of them could transport themselves over to her TreeDome using said ambulance.

ABOUT TEN MORE MINUTES LAY-TERR, IN SANDY'S TREEDOME...

"All right, Sandy; I sure hope you're ready for this!" Dr. Gill (who was now wearing one of Sandy's spare water helmets) rather surprisingly-sterly warned the once-again-suitless-and-bikini-clad Sandy (who was now VERY tightly and lying-face-up-ly world's-strongest-super-glued to the bare, wooden and splinter-riddled top of her incredibly "larger than it used to be" rectangular picnic table) while Spongebob (who was now wearing another one of Sandy's spare water helmets) rambunctiously ran in great big clockwise circles around and around said picnic table that Sandy was now super-glued to while repeatedly raising both of his fists straight up into the air and just-as-repeatedly yelling "I'M READY" in response.

"Yeah, I suppose (sigh)...anyway, about that tick that you just found in my left ear canal, exactly how deep in there IS it right now, pardon my asking? For the love of God, it isn't already crawling its way back out of there to lay yet another positively enormous batch of instantly-hatching EGGS in my grass, is it?" Sandy rather reluctantly asked Dr. Gill as said doctor rather awkwardly stuck his otoscope into her left ear and intently began peering straight into its corresponding (ear) canal using said tool.

"Hmm...oh, dear...well, the good news is that this tick is apparently so busy sinking its equivalent of teeth into the 'outer ear' side of your left eardrum that it still hasn't taken advantage of said

eardrum's presumably recent perforation by using said hole to gain access to the REAL inner workings of your left ear just yet..." Dr. Gill very long-windedly explained to Sandy, noting the absolutely disgusting amount of blood that was already surrounding said tick's VERY firmly decided position on Sandy's left eardrum while the poor squirrel lady resoundingly dry-heaved from the mere thought of what he was describing (meanwhile, Spongebob was just idiotically laughing at how incredibly weird, embarrassing and gross Sandy's new pre-TICK-ament admittedly was, despite actually feeling legitimately really bad for her deep down).

"Umm...w-what's the BAD news, m-may I ask?" Sandy VERY nervously and awkwardly stammered, audibly (not to mention helplessly) trembling in fear as she did so while Dr. Gill, after rather hastily shoving his otoscope back into his medical toolbox, pulled out his laptop computer from said toolbox and set it down on the tabletop (in other words, right next to Sandy's left ear) so that he could then proceed to use it for a far more advanced form of otoscopy...aural endoscopy (for which the required tube had already been very firmly connected to said laptop in advance), of course!

"Bad news? WHAT bad news?" Spongebob ever-so-ridiculously-obliviously chuckled while Dr. Gill rather rudely shoved his somehow needle-thin endoscopy tube into Sandy's left ear and then rather erotically pushed/extended said endoscopy tube through the external auditory canal of said ear as if it was his tongue.

"OH..." Spongebob covered his mouth with both of his hands and fearfully gasped in surprise as Dr. Gill's laptop displayed Sandy's heavily damaged left eardrum, along with the tick that was indeed rather disturbingly attached to said eardrum.

"WELL....again, this tick right here is most certainly one HELL of a deeply embedded son of a bitch...I don't really think that you're going to need pain-killers DURING this operation, per se, but you should definitely be warned: this is probably going to hurt AT LEAST enough to make you VERY sincerely wish that you had never even been born." Dr. Gill hung his head in rather profound shame and very regretfully informed Sandy, rather creepily (but thankfully-good-intentionedly) scanning over her almost-but-not-quite-naked body with his ever-so-symbolically bespectacled eyes in order to make sure that her hands, heels, back and head were indeed securely attached to the "operating" table as he then proceeded to rather reluctantly reach back into his medical toolbox and pull out his very aptly nick-named "world's sharpest" pair of tweezers from said toolbox.

"UHH..." Sandy suddenly remembered how Dr. Gill and many of his other/previous patients indeed most certainly did like to call his tweezers "the world's sharpest" and (rather understandably) horrifiedly and tremblingly thought out loud to herself in response as said tweezers slowly but surely made their way into her extremely fragile and sensitive left ear so that (one of) Sandy's much-needed surgical operation(s) could FINALLY begin once and for all.

"Oh, don't worry, sweetums; it'll be over soon enough, I PROMISE!" Plankton ever-so-snidely jeered at Sandy's expense as he suddenly grabbed the PAIN SENSITIVITY knob on the main dashboard of the poor girl's brain control cockpit and turned it all the way up to its absolute maximum possible setting just to absolutely torment her as much as he possibly could.

"All right, so this little sucker indeed has its mouth wedged ASTONISHINGLY deeply into your left eardrum...looks like I might actually end up having to pull on it pretty damned hard in order to get it to finally let go..." Dr. Gill increasingly-worriedly explained (causing Sandy to rather loudly, not to mention understandably, gag in response), using his laptop's endoscopic recording display for reference as he gently and carefully pushed his tweezers through Sandy's left ear canal while her extremely unwelcome new ear tick's dwelling spot on her left eardrum wholesomely dripped

with fresh, warm blood.

"Alright, come on, Sandy, focus...as long as you don't think about what's happening right now, it hopefully won't hurt TOO badly..." Sandy meditatively closed her eyes yet again and VERY worriedly thought to herself as Dr. Gill meticulously grabbed her newly acquired ear tick with his tweezers...only for it to then wildly freak out in response, causing Dr. Gill to accidentally but UNBELIEVABLY-painfully shove said lethally pointy-tipped tweezers tip-first into Sandy's already-heavily-damaged left eardrum!

"AIEEEEEEE!" Sandy embarrassingly-high-pitchedly wailed in agony as Dr. Gill's tweezers made not one but TWO additional (but thankfully rather tiny) holes in her left eardrum, causing her rather understandably twitching eyes to intensely water as even MORE deliciously fresh blood began to rather profusely leak from said eardrum perforations.

"HEY! What in the heck are you doing to my second-best friend in the whole wide WORLD?!" Spongebob threw his arms straight up into the air and VERY angrily yelled at Dr. Gill before then proceeding to rather forcefully slap said doctor "back and forth" across the face several times with his left hand and therefore cause him to accidentally swing his indeed ridiculously sharp tweezers straight into the internal walls of Sandy's left ear canal, causing her to loudly scream in pain several more times as blood began leaking from THOSE as well.

"For Neptune's sake, I'm trying to HELP her, you freaking NIT-WIT!" Dr. Gill furiously yelled back at Spongebob, forcefully kicking said sea sponge across the dome with his right foot while Plankton ever-so-utterly-despicably readied himself to begin downright-FURIOUSLY masturbating to the downright-unbearably intense pain that Sandy was now being forced to go through due to her ear tick.

"OHHH...AHHH, YEAAAH...come on and fucking SCREAM for me, bitch..." the now-suddenly-visible-again Plankton increasingly-lecherously drooled and moaned in the now-quite-literal cockpit of Sandy's brain, breathing VERY heavily and causing his helmet's antennae to stand VERY straight up yet again in the process as he rather suddenly opened up the "pants" compartment of his suit with both of his hands and then immediately began VERY rapidly and passionately stroking his micro-dick with his right hand as he ever-so-revoltingly-selfishly watched said squirrel lady's absolute torment unfold for his own utterly sadistic amusement; meanwhile, Dr. Gill loudly swallowed his pride and increasingly-desperately began tugging on the poor (squirrel) girl's ear tick with his tweezers, causing basically the entire section of her already-intensely-bleeding-and-aching left eardrum to which said tick was attached to suddenly begin downright-grotesquely stretching toward him as if it was about to break right off of said eardrum in response.

"OH, GOD, IT HURTS...it hurts so very, VERY much..." Sandy increasingly-meekly whimpered and cried as Dr. Gill began pulling even harder on her ear tick and therefore horrifically damaging her poor, POOR left eardrum even more.

"I sincerely apologize for having to do this, but I'm afraid that there's simply no other truly efficient way for me to be able to finally rid you of this utterly dreadful parasite of yours once and for ALL!" Dr. Gill VERY melodramatically explained to Sandy as he then proceeded to VERY firmly grasp his tweezers with both of his hands and begin downright-relentlessly tugging and tugging and TUGGING on the poor, POOR girl's ear tick with quite literally ALL of his aquatic might (while also very frantically wiggling said tweezers back and forth in a miserably failed attempt to properly loosen said tick's downright-ABSURDLY tight grip on her left eardrum, naturally enough) until finally...finally...FINALLY...

"HYAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" Sandy could be heard blood-curdlingly shrieking in agony (and rather heavily cracking her TreeDome in the process, although it luckily repaired itself shortly afterward due to it being made out of Sandy's aforementioned Regenerating Glass) from incredibly far away as Dr. Gill FINALLY finished yanking out her ear tick, causing a MASSIVE chunk of both sides of the outer flesh (not to mention the inner mucosa and whatnot) of her left eardrum to become (VERY) violently torn right off of said eardrum and thus rendering her (pretty much) completely deaf in her left ear (which Dr. Gill then immediately proceeded to remove his endoscopy tube from with his right hand while very tightly and carefully holding his now-tick-imprisoning tweezers with his left hand) as a very genuinely revolting amount of blood began oozing out from the horribly jagged and gaping hole that said tick removal had just made in her left eardrum.

"Well, what can I say? All's well that ends well, I suppose!" Spongebob immediately came running straight back over to the "operating" table in response to Sandy's absolutely horrifying scream and then ever-so-merrily (not to mention rather insensitively) giggled with tick-removal-induced satisfaction, rather smugly shrugging his shoulders as he did so while numerous shockingly effeminate tears trickled their way down said squirrel lady's utterly miserable-looking face from the sheer amount of positively excruciating pain that she was now feeling in her left ear.

"Well said, my friend; well said- OH MY GOD, KILL IT, KILL IT!" Dr. Gill proudly chuckled (slapping Spongebob on the back with his right hand as he did so, of course), then suddenly dropped his tweezers, clutched his helmet with both of his hands and began loudly screaming in immensely panicked horror as he realized that his distraction by Spongebob's blissfully ignorant happy-go-lucky antics had somehow caused him to accidentally loosen his grip on the blood-stained, tick-imprisoning pair of tweezers that he had been holding in his left hand, allowing the thoroughly inflated (not to mention asexually reproducing) tick that said tweezers had been imprisoning to escape into Sandy's grass and then immediately begin laying its (roughly two THOUSAND) instantly-hatching eggs in said grass.

"DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE, DIE!" Spongebob suddenly threw a huge tantrum and began repeatedly yelling as he VERY bloodily and gorily squashed Sandy's former ear tick into a mere puddle of its former self by repeatedly and VERY frantically stomping on it with his left foot; thankfully, he was still wearing his shoes as he did so, but needless to say, it clearly wasn't him or Gill that said formerly alive ear tick's (roughly fifteen HUNDRED) remaining new babies (that Spongebob's aforementioned squashing of it had inadvertently caused to EXTREMELY-disgustingly squirt out of it) were after.

"SANDY, LOOK OUT!" Dr. Gill rather melodramatically thrust his left palm directly toward Sandy and very loudly and urgently warned her, halting Spongebob with his right palm in order to (somewhat hypocritically) prevent him from doing or attempting anything stupid and/or reckless as said squirrel lady ever-so-pitifully-helplessly shook, whimpered and squirmed atop her own picnic table, still pretty much completely unable to move due to her super-glue-induced stuck-ness to the top of said table as literal hundreds of freshly born tick larvae immediately began climbing their way straight up the legs of said table so that they could then immediately proceed to climb onto her cute, sexy and practically-naked body and use it to give themselves the collective blood feast of a lifetime.

"OH...RIGHT..." Dr. Gill and Spongebob both resoundingly face-palmed themselves with their left hands and increasingly-self-loathingly groaned as they suddenly remembered the fact that THEY were the ones who had agreed to super-glue Sandy to the top of her picnic table for a "tick removal" operation in the first place (technically, Spongebob was the one who had suggested the idea, but that still doesn't automatically mean that Dr. Gill HAD to accept said suggestion).

"Tee hee hee...oh, dear LOR-HOR-HOR-HORD, that TICK-les so MUH-HUH-HUH-HUCH! STAH-HAH-HAH-HAHP IT, PLEE-HEE-HEE-HEEASE! I'M BEH-HEH-HEH-HEGGING YOO-HOO-HOO-HOOOU!" Sandy suddenly began convulsing every bit as wildly as her super-glue restraints allowed her to while also laughing like an absolute maniac, actually CRYING (not to mention dying) from how downright-ridiculously hard she was laughing as the tick larvae began climbing/crawling around on/in the bare soles of her feet, the (presumably acorn-stuffed) "belly" portion of her torso, the pits of her arms, the breasts underneath her bra, the vagina underneath her underwear, the outer funnels of her ears, and more-or-less every possible place in-between said places, clearly putting FAR too much effort into deciding which parts of her body to suck (blood) from.

"AHHHHHHHHH..." Plankton loudly moaned with (quite distinctly) orgasmic delight as he sweatily, pantingly and blushingly jizzed in his (suit's) pants, causing his helmet's antennae to rather hilariously become limp and droopy as a result while his penis did the same.

"WAIT, Spongebob!" Dr. Gill rather sternly commanded Spongebob, dramatically T-posing right in front of him in order to block his way as he (Spongebob) ever-so-eagerly readied himself to gracefully leap onto Sandy's picnic tabletop and then violently squish all of the tick larvae that were now crawling all over her body with his bare hands and his shoe-clad feet.

"And WHY exactly should I, pardon my asking?" Spongebob placed his hands onto his hips and rather sassily asked Dr. Gill, ever-so-laughably-effeminately swaying said hips back and forth for emphasis as he did so.

"If you squash those ticks while their mouths are attached to Sandy, she'll end up getting infected with their COOTIES, you silly goose!" Dr. Gill very flamboyantly gestured toward Sandy with his hands and explained, using deliberate(ly blatant) sarcasm and "gay culture" mockery that Spongebob was thankfully far too naive to actually be able to detect as he did so. Meanwhile, needless to say, Sandy was indeed absolutely DYING (not to mention crying) with laughter (not to mention left ear pain).

"SOMEBO-HO-HO-HODY, PLEE-HEEESE! HELP ME NOW-HOW-HOW-HOW! I REE-HEE-HEEALLY DON'T WANNA DI-HI-HI-HIE!" Sandy waterfall-cryingly and COMPLETELY-helplessly shrieked and howled with laughter while Plankton suddenly (not to mention FINALLY) began to actually realize how much he most likely needed to follow her advice at the point that is being depicted in this paragraph if he wanted her to indeed "not die".

"Hmm, let's see here...OOH, I sure do wonder what THIS button does?!" Plankton crossed his arms over his chest and rather impatiently scanned over the main dashboard of Sandy's brain control cockpit with his eye until finally, at long last, he rather (incredibly) conveniently found her ELECTROCUTION button...and PRESSED it!

"YOWWWWWW-ZERS!" Sandy very awkwardly squealed in pain, with her eyeballs briefly but very-over-the-top-ly shooting themselves right out of her eye sockets as her entire body repeatedly flashed between "skin mode" and "skeleton mode" and was rather (extra) thickly outlined with extremely stylized "cartoon-style" electricity while every single hair of her fur stood straight up...and also, FAR more importantly, while every single one of the tick larvae that had previously been crawling around on her body (in other words, every single remaining tick in the TreeDome, PERIOD) was fried/zapped into quite literally nothing (unless you count ashes as something, I suppose).

"Dear LORD, Sandy; are you okay?" Spongebob immediately ran over to Sandy and very worriedly asked her while she just blankly and increasingly-depressedly stared off into space (with

her fur humiliatingly ruffled all over the place, no less) and speechlessly blinked her eyes twice in a row in response, with both of said blinks indeed having their very own ludicrously cartoony sound effect.

"Does THAT look okay to you?" Dr. Gill exasperatedly gestured toward Sandy with his hands and asked Spongebob.

"Are you freaking KIDDING me, man? She has GOT to be one of the absolute hottest-looking things that I've ever seen in my entire freaking LIFE!" Spongebob shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-smugly quipped in response to said question while Dr. Gill merrily nodded his head in rather genuinely wholehearted agreement.

"Well, at least my TICK infestation is finally gone now...I HOPE..." Sandy rather depressedly (but still very relievedly) sighed, struggling to keep her increasingly bloodshot eyes open as Dr. Gill FINALLY grabbed his laptop off of her picnic table and returned it to his medical toolbox.

"All right, can we PLEASE free her from the table now?" Spongebob placed his hands together in a "prayer" gesture and puppy-dog-eyedly begged Dr. Gill while Sandy audibly shook in her restraints and repeatedly (not to mention increasingly-anxiously) thought "PLEASE say yes" to herself in response.

"Only if you're willing to pay the PRICE for my wonderfully skilled and careful TREATMENT of her, plus a rather hefty 'getting me to keep her downright inexplicable ability to somehow electrocute herself with her mind a secret' tax, of course!" Dr. Gill ever-so-smugly joked, pulling out the roughly-one-thousand-dollar bill for his "professional" medical services from his medical toolbox and then ever-so-arrogantly displaying it to Spongebob with a downright-insufferably shit-eating grin on his face as he did so.

"UGH...FINE!" Spongebob VERY exasperatedly shrugged and groaned, rolling his eyes intensely as he ever-so-suddenly pulled out an ACTUAL one-thousand-dollar bill from his wallet and then VERY regretfully handed it directly to the COMPLETELY flabbergasted Dr. Gill...needless to say, however, said doctor still wasn't quite done (shamelessly) ripping his customers off just yet, and although said doctor also somehow STILL hadn't realized it after fruitlessly struggling with all of his aforementioned "aquatic might" to quite literally rip Sandy off of her picnic tabletop, Plankton had indeed somehow used his newfound control over her central nervous system to make her fur "NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE" to remove from her skin, while still keeping her pain sensitivity level at its absolute maximum possible setting all the while.

"Oh, MAN; I just absolutely cannot WAIT to see what sort of ridiculously medical-license-undeserving thing this freaking pretentious idiot does to Sandy next..." Plankton rubbed his hands together every bit as deviously as ever and VERY maliciously snickered to himself in Sandy's brain control cockpit while Dr. Gill suddenly had yet another horrible, wonderful, utterly AWFUL idea!

"Umm...w-what exactly are you d-doing right n-now, p-pardon my asking?" Spongebob rather nervously asked Dr. Gill as said doctor suddenly pulled out his cell phone from one of his pants pockets and then used it to call the bar-tender of his local Salty Spitoon "restaurant" so that said bar-tender could hopefully provide him with some extra muscle with which he would be able to FINALLY finish his INCREDIBLY dirty work once and for all.

"Thank you for calling the Salty Spitoon; now tell me, how tough are you?" the Salty Spitoon's bar-tender rather surprisingly-casually greeted and asked Dr. Gill using his OWN cell phone while his ridiculously muscular and brutish customers engaged in what must have been at least their third bar brawl in the past hour (or so) of their lives.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry to have to tell you this, good sir, but I'm afraid that the real question here is how tough are YOU?" Dr. Gill rather smugly explained.

"YOU as in me, or YOU as in the collective population of this filthy shit hole?" the bar-tender confusedly asked Dr. Gill.

"The latter." Dr. Gill shrugged his shoulders and comically-flatly replied.

"Heh heh...to be quite frank with you, WE could probably lift this entire freaking PLACE right off of the ground if we wanted to!" the bar-tender rather arrogantly chuckled, most likely UNDER-estimating the sheer physical strength of some of his customers as he did so.

"Yeah, SO?" Dr. Gill mockingly chuckled back at the bar-tender.

"WITHOUT ANY TOOLS." the bar-tender narrowed his eyes and VERY ominously boasted, causing Dr. Gill to rather fearfully shiver in response while Spongebob EXTREMELY-fearfully shivered in agreement.

"Uhh, s-sorry to bother you, sir; send your customers directly to Sandy's TreeDome as soon as possible!" Dr. Gill rapidly glanced back and forth around himself and nervously, tremblingly and sweatily stammered, rather hastily hanging up on the bar-tender IMMEDIATELY after doing so while said bar-tender uproariously laughed at him for being such a "pussy" in response.

ROUGHLY FIFTEEN MORE MINUTES LAY-TERR, AFTER THE SALTY SPITOON'S EXACTLY EIGHT CUSTOMERS HAD ALL BEEN ROUNDED UP IN SANDY'S TREEDOME AND OUTFITTED WITH (SOMEHOW) YET ANOTHER ONE EACH OF HER SPARE WATER HELMETS...

"All right, so since Spongebob here has already paid me a THOUSAND freaking dollars just for INCREDIBLY-sloppily extracting a tick from Sandy's left ear," Dr. Gill rather condescendingly began explaining to his new recruits while Spongebob exasperatedly rolled his eyes and shrugged his shoulders in response, "I'll give you guys a HUNDRED dollars if you can prove to me that you actually ARE, in fact, strong enough to be able to pull the world's strongest fur and the world's strongest super-glue apart from each other!"

"But...I mean, isn't that going to, like, SEVERELY hurt the poor girl?" the "Popeye Fish" amongst Dr. Gill's new recruits rather surprisingly-considerately pointed out while all of his fellow recruits downright-DISGUSTEDLY looked at what Sandy had been reduced into by Dr. Gill's so-called "professional" treatment of her and then VERY agreeingly crossed their intimidatingly bulky arms over their freakishly muscular chests and nodded their heads in response.

"Hey, guys; as long as it works and gets you paid, why should YOU care?" Dr. Gill shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-smugly asked his increasingly pissed-off new recruits.

"Oh, I dunno; maybe because giving us a hundred dollars to split between the eight of us means that we're basically only getting paid twelve dollars and fifty cents each, you freaking smart-ass prick?!" the (relatively) smart one amongst Dr. Gill's new recruits VERY annoyedly threw his arms out beside himself and yelled at Dr. Gill while both he and the rest of Dr. Gill's new recruits (not to mention Spongebob) then proceeded to firmly place their hands onto their hips and VERY disappointedly glare at him.

"What about the fact that you guys might not get to fuck her later if you don't free her from this table, huh? Don't you think that such an experience MIGHT be just a LITTLE bit more valuable to people like YOU guys than plain old money?" Dr. Gill ever-so-shit-eatingly-grinningly shrugged

his shoulders and rather manipulatively pointed out to his new recruits while Plankton turned Sandy's SUBMISSIVE/DOMINANT knob all the (rest of the) way down to its maximum "submissive-ness" setting.

"Now that you mention it, HOO, boy; you can bet your shrimpy little ASS that she would make for a better prize than money! COME TO PAPA!" Dr. Gill's new recruits suddenly began yelling with immense delight, grinning from ear to ear and panting and drooling like rabid and starving dogs as they immediately positioned themselves in a nice big circle around Sandy's picnic table, grabbed her almost-naked body as if it was a giant lifting weight, and then finally began forcefully pulling on said body...and pulling...and pulling...and pulling...until finally...finally...FINALLY...

"HYAAAAAAAAAAAAAIGH!" Sandy could once again be heard blood-curdlingly (not to mention TreeDome-crackingly) screeching from ridiculously far away as Dr. Gill's new recruits, after fiercely tugging on her with literally all of their collective might for at least twenty (if not thirty) seconds straight, FINALLY managed to detach her from her former super-glue restraints, brutally tearing basically the ENTIRE back portions of her fur and clothing right off as a result while said recruits gently sobbed "aww, you poor thing" in response.

"Umm...p-please don't hurt me! Why, I'll do absolutely ANYTHING for you guys! ANYTHING, I SWEAR!" Sandy helplessly, ruffled-furredly, wobbling-kneed-ly and bloodshot-puppy-dog-eyedly cried, whimpered and begged, immediately getting down onto her feet and palms and then backwardly, quite-nearly-nakedly crab-walking her way up against the inexplicably self-repairing wall of her TreeDome as she did so while Dr. Gill's new recruits VERY ominously approached her as if they wanted to rape her...after once again seeing the absolutely pathetic state that "Bikini Bottom's toughest chick" was now in, however, they rather shockingly had a very dramatic change of heart and therefore began even-MORE-ominously approaching Dr. Gill instead, forming INCREDIBLY fierce-looking fists with their hands as they did so.

"Um, g-GUYS? You DO know that you're not going to get your money reward if you don't fuck her right here and right now, RIGHT?" Dr. Gill performed a rather distinct "jazz hands" gesture and VERY intimidated stammered, slowly and audibly-tremblingly backing away from his suddenly EXTREMELY pissed-off new recruits as he did so.

"HEY! Making out with Sandy is MY job, you freaking JERK-wad!" Spongebob placed his hands onto his hips and rather angrily scolded Dr. Gill while said doctor ran behind him in a downright-laughably cowardly fashion, grabbed his (Spongebob's) sides with his hands, and then COMPLETELY-shamelessly began using him as a quite literal "human" shield while his (Dr. Gill's) new recruits quite literally spat in disgust from the mere sight of said utterly repulsive cowardice.

"Um...n-no hard feelings, RIGHT?!" Dr. Gill pathetically stammered, wetting his pants as he did so while his knees quivered like bowls full of Jell-O; needless to say, he was somehow managing to make even SPONGEBOB look like a tough and manly bad-ass.

"You know what? Let's see how YOU like being treated in the type of way in which you've been treating Sandy, SHALL we?!" the "Popeye Fish" amongst Dr. Gill's new recruits revoltedly sneered at him while all (seven) of said Popeye Fish's fellow recruits made rather distinct "pounding fist into palm" gestures and VERY sternly nodded their heads in agreement.

ONE TRULY UNSPEAKABLE BUT EXTREMELY WELL-DESERVED BEATING OF DR. GILL BY HIS OWN RECRUITS (NOT TO MENTION TWO HOURS AND ONE SEEMINGLY INEXPLICABLE POST-CRIME-EVIDENCE-PROVIDING INSTANTANEOUS RE-GROWTH OF SANDY'S FORMERLY MISSING FUR DUE TO PLANKTON'S CONTROL OVER HER

CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM) LAY-TERR, BACK AT THE BIKINI BOTTOM HOSPITAL...

"OOGH..." Dr. Gill depressedly moaned in agony, ironically being completely unable to move due to the sheer amount of bandages and whatnot that he had been encased in by his fellow doctors as he lifelessly laid (or lay, whichever you prefer) on his shiny new hospital bed in the emergency room of his own hospital, sincerely wishing that he had never been born as he did so...when surely enough, all of a sudden, Spongebob and Sandy came walking into said room in order to "greet" him.

"Hello, ASSHOLE! How ARE things, HMM?" the thankfully re-suited and re-masculinized Sandy VERY lividly sneered at Dr. Gill, forcefully punching him in his rather heavily bandaged chest with her right fist and causing him to bloodshot-eyedly and very high-pitchedly scream and cry in response (not to mention immense and rather visibly blood-spilling pain) as she did so while the also-thankfully un-helmeted Spongebob placed his hands onto his hips and easily-just-AS-lividly glared at said doctor in agreement.

"NOT...GOOD..." Dr. Gill helplessly whimpered and moaned while Sandy crossed her arms over her chest and rather understandably-hatefully muttered "oh, quit being such a god-damned BABY" about him underneath her breath; surely enough, Dr. Gill was indeed (rather pathetically) crying and sniffing like an actual baby while Sandy made said comment about him.

"Well, if you think that you've got it bad right NOW, then just WAIT until you see how much money me and Sandy have just SUED you for, mister Professional Doctor!" Spongebob COMPLETELY-disgustedly informed Dr. Gill, reaching into the back pockets of his (square) pants and pulling out a nice big ten-thousand-dollar "law-breaking penalty" bill that he then proceeded to VERY immodestly (not to mention literally) rub in said doctor's face with only THE most genuinely shit-eating of grins plastered across his OWN face.

"Not to mention THIS!" Sandy absolutely-REVOLTEDLY sneered at Dr. Gill, briefly un-zipping her suit's main zipper with her right hand and then reaching into her cleavage with her left hand so that she could then proceed to pull out a nice, big and bright-pink "YOU'RE FIRED" document and also-quite-literally rub IT in said doctor's face, causing him to devastatedly moan "I HATE MY LIFE" in response.

MEANWHILE, IN SANDY'S BRAIN CONTROL COCKPIT...

"AIN'T I A STINKER?" Plankton shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-smugly chuckled to his show's viewers as the screen faded to black in classic Looney Tunes style.

Chapter 2

AT ABOUT 11:00 (A.M.) OF THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER SPONGEBOB AND SANDY HAD RATHER ADORABLY SLEPT TOGETHER IN THE FORMER'S HOUSE WHILE PLANKTON SLEPT IN THE LATTER'S DELIGHTFULLY WARM, SOFT AND SPONGY BRAIN AFTER VERY HORNILY AND FURIOUSLY-MASTURBATINGLY WATCHING THE TWO OF THEM HAVE SEX WITH EACH OTHER...

"Plankton, are you really SURE that you aren't just horrifically torturing Sandy for the pure sake of it so that this episode's writers can get their freaking rocks off?" Karen very sternly and VERY worriedly asked Plankton (who, naturally enough, was still remarkably deep inside Sandy's brain) using her cell phone while EXTREMELY-concernedly browsing her way through the Bikini Bottom Daily News on her rather firmly coffee-table-mounted laptop in the Chum Bucket's living room.

"Oh...why, of COURSE not, sweetie! In fact, I've been the absolute SWEETEST of little angels to her!" Plankton ever-so-despicably lied through his teeth (briefly covering his mouth with his right hand in order to stop himself from laughing as he did so) while holding his OWN cell phone with his left hand and FAR-too-comfortably kicking back (complete with him rather girlishly crossing his legs, no less) in his supremely comfortable and royal-feeling "brain cockpit" seat.

"WELL, then, why am I currently reading an online newspaper headline article about how the poor girl got her already-tick-infested left ear horrifically mutilated by Dr. Gill, got a HUGE portion of her fur torn right off in the most ridiculously agonizing way possible, AND was QUITE nearly raped by an entire nearly TEN-PERSON gang of muscle-headed idiots from the Salty Spitoon so that so-called DOCTOR Gill could freaking MASTURBATE to said rape occurrence?" Karen increasingly-frustratedly-and-sarcastically asked Plankton, already beginning to rather curiously wonder how much WORSE the little demon's ridiculously blatant and downright sadistic (animal) abuse of Sandy would later become (and by "later", I mean as in "over the course of literally one measly day").

"Oh, don't worry, my sweet little techno-pie; that was ALL Dr. Gill's fault, I SWEAR!" Plankton shrugged his shoulders and rather blatantly lied through his teeth while Karen increasingly-irritatedly rolled her (digital) eyes in response.

"UH-HUH...well, don't blame ME if/when you end up with a freaking DEATH penalty for whatever utterly unforgivable things you're most likely about to use your newfound control over my poor little Sandy's brain to do to her; DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND ME, YOU GOD-DAMNED COCK-SUCKING MOTHERFUCKER?!" Karen very politely (albeit rather sassily) warned Plankton...then suddenly went absolutely nuclear and downright-FURIOUSLY screamed at him, causing his antennae to rather humorously get blown off to the side from how ridiculously loudly she was doing so in the process.

"HUH? Was that KAREN that I just heard?!" the now-re-suited Sandy (who was still partially deaf due to the INCREDIBLY major damage that had just recently been dealt to her left eardrum) rather nervously and startledly gasped in surprise while she and the (rather thankfully) re-dressed Spongebob cozily sat together on the latter's makeshift two-person sofa and rather ironically watched the Bikini Bottom Daily News (which, naturally enough, just so happened to be talking about the exact same atrocities that Karen had just mentioned to Plankton) themselves.

"NAH, it was probably just your imagination!" Spongebob swung his left hand straight down like a cat paw, lovingly patted Sandy on the back (of her suit) with his right hand and ever-so-playfully-

teasingly chuckled at her (Sandy's) surprisingly unintentional expense while Plankton continued chatting with Karen from deep inside the poor squirrel lady's increasingly-fearfully trembling head.

"Oh, for CRYING out loud, woman, do I REALLY need to freaking spell it out for you? R-E-V-E-N-G-E! That's all I'm doing, okay? I'm just getting REVENGE on Sandy for what SHE'S done to ME!" Plankton exasperatedly threw his arms out beside himself and began increasingly-crankily ranting at Karen while said computer wife VERY annoyedly rolled her (digital) eyes and ever-so-deliciously-sarcastically muttered "uh-huh" to herself in response.

"News flash, honey: SHE HASN'T EVEN DONE ANYTHING TO YOU, YA FREAKING LUNATIC! Well, I mean, apart from maybe damaging your oh-so-precious freaking planet-sized EGO from time to time, I suppose...honestly, could you POSSIBLY have come up with a more utterly PATHETIC motivation for what you're doing right now?" Karen furiously continued nagging at Plankton while said micro-organism ever-so-childishly made downright-comically over-exaggerated "blah, blah, blah" gestures with his mouth and his right hand in response.

"Alright, two things: first of all, again, what are you, my freaking MOTHER?!" Plankton rather surprisingly-politely began explaining to Karen, then suddenly VERY tightly gripped his cell phone with both of his hands and VERY indignantly yelled into it, causing the pupils of Sandy's eyes to suddenly shrink to a nearly microscopic size as she equally-suddenly began to realize just how right she had been when she had accused Plankton of being inside her head back at Goo Lagoon.

"SECOND of all, why should I even freaking NEED reasonable motivations for the types of things that I do? For Neptune's sake, I wear the word 'EVIL' around my neck like a freaking SCARF! I terrorize Bikini Bottom literally just for FUN! Allow me to repeat myself: I! AM! A! VILLAIN!" Plankton transferred his cell phone into his right hand, face-palmed himself with his left hand and VERY aggravatedly continued ranting at Karen at perhaps one of the loudest volumes that he (yes, HE) was capable of while Sandy very audibly and fear-frozenly gulped in response.

"And that's what worries me more than anything else about you..." Karen dejectedly sighed as she and Plankton finally hung up on each other, leaving Sandy too nervous to even move, let alone speak.

"Umm, S-Sandy? WHY do you look so scared right now?" Spongebob gently poked the still-motionless-and-basically-speechless Sandy on the left shoulder (of her suit) with his right index finger and increasingly-worriedly asked her, somehow STILL not realizing what was going on inside the poor girl's central nervous system as he did so.

"Because I've lost control of my life." Sandy curled herself up into an adorably helpless and bushy-tailed little upright-sitting ball and flatly explained to Spongebob while Plankton EXTREMELY-sarcastically went "AWW, YOU POOR THING" in response.

"Uhh...what exactly do you MEAN by that, pardon my asking?" Spongebob incredibly-ignorantly asked Sandy, scratching his head with his left index finger as he did so while Plankton ever-so-eagerly-and-snickeringly began re-taking control over the brain within said squirrel lady's own head.

"I've (suddenly goes cross-eyed and wildly twitches all over the place before then contorting her face into a freakishly huge ear-to-ear smile) become utterly unable to CONTAIN how incredibly happy I am to be with you, Spongebob! Come ON, you silly goose; let's go out and have all KINDS of fun together!" Sandy EXTREMELY-hyperactively sprung right back up onto her feet and began maniacally (not to mention VERY obviously mind-controlledly) laughing and giggling, hastily turning the TV off with her right hand and then VERY forcefully grabbing Spongebob's

own right hand with her left hand so that she could THEN proceed to just-AS-forcefully drag him straight out of the front door of his house and into his Boat-Mobile.

"GEEZ, Sandy, what's gotten INTO you?" Spongebob increasingly-frightenedly asked Sandy, somehow STILL not realizing just how amusingly literal the answer to said question actually was as Sandy frantically leaped into the passenger seat of his Boat-Mobile while also rather brutishly throwing him into the driver's seat of said boat-shaped automobile.

"HAPPINESS! HAPPINESS! HAPPINESS!" Sandy began bloodshot-eyedly and dementedly-grinningly chanting over and over again like a broken record while Spongebob just weirded-out-ly glared at her and increasingly-confusedly went "UHH" in response, still not quite sure what to make of what(ever) he was now seeing.

"Geez, how freaking gullible can Spongebob GET?" Plankton rather amazedly thought to himself.

ONE ENTIRE MINUTE LAY-TERR...

"Gee WHIZ, I freaking GET it, okay? You're HAPPY! Now PLEASE just TELL me where you want to GO, before I go completely freaking INSANE!" Spongebob, after twitchy-eyedly and teeth-grittingly listening to Sandy's incessant "HAPPINESS" chanting for...well, literally an entire minute, finally ran out of patience, grabbed Sandy by the arms (of her suit), pressed his face directly into the front of her helmet and EXTREMELY-aggravatedly yelled at her, clutching his chest with both of his hands and heavily breathing for several seconds in order to re-gain his energy after doing so.

"Oh, I've got SEVERAL places in mind, sweetums, and every single one of them is absolutely FUN-TASTIC!" Sandy ecstatically cheered with delight, rather mushily wrapping her arms around Spongebob and floating-heart-symbol-producingly cuddling him as she did so while he just irritatedly shoved her away from himself and yelled "GET THE HECK OFF OF ME, YOU FREAKING HYPERACTIVE NUT-CASE" at her in response.

ONE HALF-HOUR LAY-TERR, AFTER SPONGEBOB HAD SOMEWHAT RELUCTANTLY DRIVEN SANDY OVER TO HER TREEDOME AND THEN DRIVEN HER OVER TO BIKINI BOTTOM'S QUITE LITERALLY-NAMED "FANCY!" RESTAURANT FROM THERE...

"TEE HEE HEE HEE HEE! Oh, sweet HEAVENS, you're just utterly SPOILING me so MUCH, Spongebob!" Sandy (who was now suitless and therefore footwear-less and was also wearing a fancy purple dress from her personal wardrobe back at the TreeDome) tightly clutched her chest with both of her hands and INCREDIBLY-merrily laughed with delight as she and Spongebob ever-so-charmingly sat together at their (rather exceptionally nice-looking) dining table and ever-so-eagerly waited for their main course to arrive.

"I mean...FOOT WORSHIP between courses?" Sandy very ticklishly and toe-wigglingly giggled as the servant squid underneath the table lovingly, blushingly and even DROOLINGLY caressed and licked her lovely, lovely bare feet, even going so far as to very passionately (albeit rather creepily and downright pervertedly) suck on her ever-so-adorable little toes multiple times as he did so.

"CARICATURES?" Sandy gleefully laughed in her ludicrously thick Texan accent as she rather-excessively-proudly held and looked at her exaggeratedly buck-toothed new portrait of herself.

"Ludicrously nonsensical plot devices that somehow enable me to breathe underwater when nothing else will?" Sandy increasingly-happily (albeit rather disbelievingly) chuckled, rudely shoving her aforementioned caricature of herself underneath the table and then using her index fingers to indicatively point at the ACTUAL gills that the Gill Pill that she had swallowed in her

bathroom back at the TreeDome right before being driven over to "Fancy!" had somehow caused her to temporarily grow on her neck (for an entire DAY, no less, with her lungs still remaining fully functional all the while) as she did so.

"Honestly, how much more stupidly perfect can this lunch-eating experience of ours GET?" Sandy threw her arms out beside herself and very satisfiedly chuckled while Spongebob (who was now wearing a tuxedo from his Boat-Mobile's glove box) shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-playfully joked "I dunno; you tell ME" in response.

"Oh, I'll freaking TELL you, all right...you damned NUMB-SKULL..." Plankton ever-so-deviously rubbed his hands together and increasingly-sadistically cackled to himself in Sandy's brain control cockpit while Spongebob somehow STILL remained blissfully unaware of what the poor girl's incredibly bizarre recent mood swings had been artificially caused by.

"And now for your delightfully extravagant main course, dashing young patrons of ours!" Spongebob's and Sandy's designated (octopus) waiter suddenly arrived to serve them said meal and then VERY pompously stated as he grabbed exactly two plates of lovingly crafted but probably WAY-less-healthy-than-it-looked pasta (topped/drenched with clam sauce for Spongebob's plate and spinach alfredo sauce for Sandy's) off of the giant silver platter atop his rather un-necessarily fancy-looking four-wheeled food-delivering table and incredibly-gracefully set both of them atop said couple's aforementioned dining table, then proceeded to grab exactly two lemon-wedge-topped glasses of blood-red wine off of that exact same platter and more-or-less equally-gracefully set THEM atop said (couple's) dining table.

"Now PLEASE make sure to eat and drink this LOVELY culinary art of ours as politely as possible, for our reputation's sake!" said (octopus) waiter rather sternly warned Spongebob and Sandy, causing Spongebob to very worriedly and tremblingly nod his head in agreement with said command while Sandy just blankly stared off into space with a downright-stupidly big smile on her face.

"Well, you know what they SAY; truly, rules were MADE to be broken!" Plankton increasingly-excitedly laughed as he suddenly re-took complete control over Sandy, causing her to just-as-suddenly COMPLETELY forget how to eat (and drink) like an actually civilized and non-wild animal (not to mention how to control/moderate the intensity of her Southern accent) in the process.

"Boy HAYOW-DEE (HOWDY), hwat (what) rooty-toot-tootin' FINE coozane (cuisine) this right hayer (here) is! Why, ah (I) could just scarf it right day-yown (down) like a wild HAWG (HOG), right HAYER (HERE) and nay-yow (now)!" Sandy suddenly began loudly chuckling and giggling with delight in a quite-plainly-ridiculously stereotypical "hillbilly voice" as she immediately dug right into her spinach alfredo pasta with her bare hands, ravenously devouring it by the handful and chewing it with her mouth as wide-open as she could possibly manage while literally everyone else surrounding her (ESPECIALLY Spongebob and the restaurant's aforementioned waiters) disgustedly, motionlessly and COMPLETELY-speechlessly stared/glared at her in response.

"And I'm MOWER (MORE) than willin' ta (to) bet that the bayer (beer) is just plain HAVENLY (HEAVENLY)! Nay-ver (Never) bay-fower (before) have ah (I) feyelt (felt) quite so HWITE (WHITE), lemme TAIL (TELL) you!" Sandy, after indeed maniacally scarfing down her entire plate of pasta like a wild animal while the restaurant employees and customers surrounding her were too shocked to even be able to do anything about it, uproariously laughed (guffawed, if you will) as she then proceeded to ferociously grab her wine glass with both of her hands (after very daintily removing its complimentary lemon wedge and then setting said lemon wedge down onto the tabletop with her left hand, for some reason) and then immediately chug (more or less) every

last drop of wine within it RIGHT down as if it was a giant frothy mug of beer, getting numerous blood-red wine stains all over her dress in the process while the now-empty-handed waiters surrounding her formed incredibly fierce-looking fists with their hands and turned bright steaming red with pure, blood-boiling and about-to-become-unbridled anger that was actually a rather hilariously unusual emotion to see them expressing so publicly.

"BLOOOOOOGH!" Sandy burped as loudly and as drawn-out-ly as she possibly could, causing the fellow customers surrounding her (surprisingly excluding Spongebob) to COMPLETELY-disgustedly gag in response while Spongebob crossed his arms over his chest and UNBELIEVABLY-disappointedly glared at her with downright soul-piercing intensity; meanwhile, the waiters surrounding her reluctantly swallowed their already-heavily-damaged pride and began thunderously stomping their way toward her.

"Sir and ma'am, we really are DEARLY sorry for interrupting this so-called 'FINE dining' session of yours, but I'm terribly afraid that we're going to have to kindly ask the two of you to leave this restaurant...preferably NOW!" the exact same (octopus) waiter who had previously set Sandy's and Spongebob's drinks and meals atop their table rather impressively-politely (but still downright SEETHINGLY) explained to said couple...then suddenly lost his patience altogether and VERY furiously yelled at them due to their increasingly blatant refusal to obey him while Sandy ever-so-merrily shoved her aforementioned lemon wedge directly into her mouth using both of her hands so that she could then proceed to downright-OBNOXIOUSLY-loudly-and-sloppily suck/chew the juice out of it and then VERY rudely spit it out onto the floor.

"Now HOLD ON a minute, you uppity jerks! I didn't even have anything to DO with this sudden outburst of hers! Why, I haven't even gotten to freaking EAT anything, for Neptune's sake!" Spongebob threw his arms straight up into the "air" and BEYOND-aggravatedly pointed out to the waiters while Sandy VERY drunkenly and barely-even-still-seatedly swayed her head back and forth and (spinach-toothedly) grinned from ear to ear like an absolute idiot (which was something that she rather ironically was actually quite the opposite of, needless to say).

"Do we REALLY look as if we care about you and your silly EXCUSES right now?" the waiters scathingly sneered at Spongebob, making downright-nightmare-inducingly angry-looking and Skodwarde-esque faces at him as they did so.

"Well, no (shudders intensely), but before you guys kick us out of here, can't we at least get a complimentary PHOTO of ourselves? Pretty PLEASE?" Spongebob began increasingly-desperately asking the waiters, nervously clasping his hands together and applying a massively over-exaggerated and downright (AHM) embarrassing "puppy dog" effect to his eyes as he did so...a "puppy dog" effect that (again, needless to say) had absolutely no ACTUAL effect on said waiters, other than making them uproariously laugh at him for his (AHM) extreme immaturity and sappiness while Plankton and (therefore) Sandy very agreeingly did the same.

"Yeah, sure...for the freaking local NEWSPAPER!" the waiters smugly joked while the restaurant's main photographer snapped a nice big photo of Sandy cross-eyedly, slack-jawed-ly and droolingly grinning from ear to ear with blood (red wine) stains all over her dress and a MASSIVE amount of spinach stuck between her already-stupidly-massive buck teeth while Spongebob INCREDIBLY-meekly waved at said photographer with both of his hands and nervously, sweatily grinned in the fakest and most awkward way possible.

ONE RIDICULOUSLY MASSIVE SERVICE BILL PAYMENT (MAINLY BY SPONGEBOB)
LAY-TERR...

"AND (desperately struggling to hold in their laughter) STAY OUT!" the waiters of "Fancy!"

furiously screamed at Sandy and Spongebob while quite literally kicking the two of them out of said restaurant (not to mention right in their asses) after making them pay a roughly-five-HUNDRED-dollar service fee (as opposed to a roughly-ONE-hundred-dollar service fee) JUST for how much Sandy's behavior had indeed utterly humiliated said restaurant's staff (not to mention its customers) as a whole.

"SANDY, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, WHAT IN THE ACTUAL HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU!? I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE EMBARRASSED IN MY ENTIRE FREAKING LIFE! AND NEITHER HAVE YOU, FOR THAT MATTER!" Spongebob downright-FURIOUSLY screamed at Sandy at the tops of his ever-loving lungs, grabbing her by the shoulders and frantically shaking her with all of his might as he did so while she just mindlessly flailed her incredibly slender neck and limbs around like a rag doll (Raggedy Ann, to be exact) and continued idiotically drooling in response.

"SNAP THE FUCK OUT OF IT!" Spongebob rather un-characteristically swore at Sandy, ferociously bitch-slapping her right across the face with his left hand, followed by his right hand, and so on...until finally, FINALLY, the poor girl woke up from her Plankton-induced mind-control dream with an intensely aching head and even MORE aching cheeks (of both the face AND butt varieties, no less).

"UGGGH...where in the Hell AM I? What in the Hell just HAPPENED?" Sandy very drunkenly and VERY confusedly slurred, clutching her head with both of her hands and dizzily swaying back and forth as she did so while Spongebob crossed his arms over his chest, looked down at the ground and rather hatefully muttered "with girlfriends like these" underneath his breath in response.

"SIGH...let's just say that you REALLY need to stop taking those freaking Gill Pills of yours and leave it at that." Spongebob dejectedly groaned as he and Sandy immediately walked straight back over to the former's Boat-Mobile without another word so that they could hopefully find at least some kind of way to make at least SOME of their lost money back.

ANOTHER HALF-HOUR LAY-TERR, AFTER SANDY HAD EVER-SO-CONVENIENTLY ANTI-GILL-PILLED HERSELF BACK TO NORMAL IN HER TREEDOME'S BATHROOM AND THEN RATHER HASTILY RE-SUITED HERSELF IN THAT EXACT SAME BATHROOM...

"Uhh...Spongebob, WHERE exactly are we going, again?" Sandy suddenly looked over at the ever-so-obliviously smiling Spongebob (who, of course, had already changed his outfit back into his regular one using his Boat-Mobile's aforementioned glove box) and rather nervously asked him as the two of them seemingly-aimlessly rode around Bikini Bottom in Spongebob's Boat-Mobile while the local pedestrians, fellow Boat-Mobile drivers, police officers and whatnot of said city ever-so-mockingly pointed and laughed at Sandy and gave her all kinds of weird looks, causing her to very tightly clench her fists and VERY irritatedly growl at said city-dwellers in response.

"Why, to the new Bikini Bottom Comedy Club, of course! Where ELSE are WE going to be able to legally, quickly, non-exhaustingly AND non-fraudulently make our lost money back in OUR current mental and reputational states, huh?" Spongebob ever-so-merrily laughed while Sandy briefly opened her mouth as if to suggest the Krusty Krab, but then immediately shut said mouth after remembering how downright-LUDICROUSLY cheap of a boss Mr. Krabs was.

(Needless to say, Spongebob and Sandy still had roughly 9,500 dollars from their sue-ing of Dr. Gill ALONE due to how INCREDIBLY fucked-up Bikini Bottom's legal and economic systems quite frankly were, so this whole endeavor was pretty much entirely pointless to begin with and

also rather ironically made Spongebob himself come across as being almost as greedy as Mr. Krabs...but anyway, on with the show.)

ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LAY-TERR, AT THE BIKINI BOTTOM COMEDY CLUB...

"Knock 'em dead, Sandy!" Spongebob briefly peeked out from behind a nice big set of stage curtains and ever-so-encouragingly whispered to Sandy while said extremely-dorkily astronaut-suited squirrel lady (in addition to suddenly realizing that she REALLY should have kept her gills on after all) nervously, sweatily and very-fakely-grinningly trembled on the (center) stage of the Bikini Bottom Comedy Club's auditorium, tapping on the sound-receiving part of her microphone a few times with her right hand in order to make sure that said microphone was working (not to mention stall for time) while the numerous members of her audience impatiently sat at their rather oddly fancy dining(?) tables and very rudely glared at her in a way that just absolutely SCREAMED "hurry it up already".

"HOO, boy...TALK about some utterly amazing comedic MATERIAL! Despite having only one eye, I can already see EXACTLY where this is HEAD-ED!" Plankton maliciously chuckled as he VERY un-welcomely browsed his way through Sandy's memory banks (using the key-words "embarrassing" and "secrets", of course) and found numerous utterly dreadful things that she was STILL horribly afraid to reveal to a public audience ever-so-neatly tucked away within them, causing him to disgustingly drool with sadistic arousal as he re-took control over Sandy's body and made her confess every single one of the absolute worst of said secrets to the entire movie-theater-esque audience by which she was now being already-humiliatingly scolded, taunted and thumbs-downed.

"WELL, you see..." Sandy suddenly grabbed her microphone and began, briefly going cross-eyed as she did so while her audience uproariously laughed at her in response.

"You see, back in good old Texas, I came from a VERY poor and VERY white family of squirrel people...and would you like to know what our absolute FAVORITE thing to do was?" Sandy already-rather-embarrassedly began explaining to her audience, then suddenly extremely-encouragingly leaned directly toward said audience and ever-so-teasingly asked its members.

"Eat stupidly fattening food?" one of Sandy's audience members guessed.

"Vote for Republicans?" another one of Sandy's audience members guessed.

"Hate black and Asian people?" yet another one of Sandy's audience members guessed.

"Call non-Christian people Satanists?" yet ANOTHER one of Sandy's audience members guessed.

"Drink beer and watch television all day?" a particularly fat one of Sandy's audience members rather hypocritically guessed.

"Dress up as bedsheet ghosts for Halloween?" one of the children in Sandy's audience rather naively(?) guessed.

"NO! We liked to FUCK each other!" Sandy threw her arms out beside herself and uproariously laughed while her audience (rather understandably) resoundingly gagged in response.

MANY EXTREMELY INAPPROPRIATE DETAILS FROM SANDY ABOUT ALL OF THE DIFFERENT WAYS AND PLACES IN WHICH SHE AND HER FELLOW FAMILY MEMBERS LIKED TO HAVE SEX WITH EACH OTHER (WHILE HER AUDIENCE EVER-SO-MOCKINGLY LAUGHED AT HER FOR HOW UTTERLY DISGUSTING SHE NOW-

NOT-SO-SECRETLY WAS ALL THE WHILE) LAY-TERR...

"And when I was in my especially late teen years, I also became so utterly fascinated with the concept of 'superior intelligence' that I even used to write novella-length fetish-porn stories about characters going inside each other's brains, and would sometimes even go so far as to straight-up FINGER myself to said stories! I mean, honestly, how fucking crazy is THAT?" Sandy increasingly-nervously chuckled while numerous members of her audience almost-immediately began laughing themselves nearly to death in response after realizing just how "utterly" pathetic she actually was underneath her tough and manly exterior.

"And you wanna know what my craziest secret of ALL is? THE THREE PEOPLE THAT I LOVE MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE ENTIRE WORLD ARE A SEA SPONGE, A STARFISH, AND A FUCKING COMPUTER THAT BELONGS TO PLANKTON!" Sandy very awkwardly snickered, then suddenly got down onto her knees and EXTREMELY over-dramatically (not to mention waterfall-cryingly) wailed into her microphone while her audience chokingly, cryingly and gaspingly rolled on the floor from how unbelievably intensely they were laughing at her.

"Oh, COME ON, people; at least I actually more-or-less MATCH Karen's size!" Sandy (surprisingly still-mind-controlledly) threw her arms out beside herself and indignantly whined as her audience members suddenly recovered from their laughter and then downright-revotedly began throwing numerous (rotten and slimy) tomatoes at her in response, calling her numerous incredibly hateful names such as "computer fucker", "fucking whore", "bisexual bitch" and even "one-dimensional, feminist-agenda-promoting Mary Sue" as they did so.

"WELL, WELL, WELL...this whole 'making Sandy publicly confess every single one of her deepest and darkest secrets' plan of mine may have unfortunately been cut rather extremely short by my DISGUSTINGLY ungrateful audience, but they've DEFINITELY got one HELL of another thing coming if they seriously think that THIS is going to stop ME! Make fun of my freaking HOST, will they? I'LL show them! Hell, I'll freaking show them ALL if I have to!" Plankton crossed his arms over his chest and began increasingly-smugly monologuing, then suddenly COMPLETELY lost his mind altogether and began furiously ranting as he rather forcefully grabbed the SIZE knob on the main dashboard of Sandy's brain control cockpit and then ever-so-recklessly turned it all the way up to its legendary "SQUIRREL-ZILLA" setting, causing Sandy and her suit to both suddenly begin growing WAY beyond their normal sizes while Plankton himself (due to technically being connected to Sandy's body, just like her aforementioned suit) somehow ALSO began growing at the exact same rate!

"SANDY, NO! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS! FOR NEPTUNE'S SAKE, YOU STILL HAVE SO FREAKING MUCH TO LIVE FOR!" Spongebob ran out onto the (center) stage of the Bikini Bottom Comedy Club's auditorium, got down onto his knees, placed his hands together in prayer position, looked straight up at Sandy's clearly Plankton-infested head and downright-laughably-cornily begged her with all of his aquatic might, then suddenly began slavishly licking the rapidly growing and already-roof-breaking squirrel giantess's boots in a miserably failed attempt to remind her about how much he loved her as all of her other audience members immediately threw their arms straight up into the "air" in manic fits of panic and EXTREMELY-frantically fled from the building while screaming for dear life all the while.

"GET out of my WAY, you mediocre burger cooker!" Sandy (who had finally finished growing and therefore was now roughly AT LEAST as tall as the absolute tallest buildings in downtown Bikini Bottom) rather dominantly pointed her right index finger straight down at Spongebob and VERY rudely growled at him, lifting up her right foot as if she was about to stomp on him with said foot as she did so.

"MEDIOCRE?" Spongebob puppy-dog-eyedly sobbed and sniffled as Sandy more-or-less-instantaneously smashed the entire Bikini Bottom Comedy Club surrounding him and her into downright pitiful little pieces using her various karate moves and then immediately began going on an increasingly-obviously mind-control-induced Godzilla rampage through downtown Bikini Bottom, destroying quite nearly everything in her path (except for Spongebob, Spongebob's rather distinctly yellow-and-porous-paint-job-sporting Boat-Mobile, and Spongebob's pineapple house, interestingly enough) as she did so while said downtown area's residents immediately got into their boring old normal-looking Boat-Mobiles (and whatnot) and drove away from her as quickly as they possibly could.

"Stupid worthless cars and whatnot! Who even needs THOSE when you have giant freaking ROBOTS?!" Plankton increasingly-maniacally laughed as he purposefully made Sandy brutally flatten as many Boat-Mobiles (and bikes, buses, et cetera) as possible beneath her boots in the process of her ground-shaking jog through the streets of downtown Bikini Bottom, making especially sure to get rid of the Bikini Bottom Police Department's vehicles (which, barring a scant few undercover ones whose drivers rather surprisingly actually WERE, in fact, smart enough to evacuate Bikini Bottom before it was too late, were all very explicitly labeled as police vehicles due to the general idiocy and arrogance of quite nearly all of said police department's employees, naturally enough) as she did so.

"HEY! Watch where you're going, ya FREAK!" Frank suddenly walked out of his house's front door in an adult baby costume, spat out his pacifier in shock and then VERY angrily yelled at Sandy (looking straight up at her and shaking his rattle at her with his left hand as he did so) after seeing that she had just stepped on his fancy vintage Boat-Mobile and therefore crushed it into pieces.

"Stupid apartment/business towers, always having to look so ridiculously high and mighty! I sure hope they don't mind being CHOPPED down to size!" Plankton INCREDIBLY-hypocritically laughed as he made Sandy horizontally karate-chop several of Bikini Bottom's tallest buildings (all of which were indeed apartment/business towers) in half, causing their rather thoroughly sliced-off top halves to thunderously crash onto the ground as a result while Spongebob desperately chased after her in his OWN Boat-Mobile, deftly maneuvering his way past all KINDS of vehicle/building wreckage as he did so.

"HMPH! This is EXACTLY what these freaking hypocritical idiots DESERVE for treating me as if I'm somehow not ALLOWED to function as a normal member of aquatic society! Let's see how freaking nice their houses are NOW!" Plankton downright ego-maniacally and VERY enviously sneered as he made Sandy brutally kick and stomp nearly every single house in Bikini Bottom (except for her TreeDome, Spongebob's aforementioned pineapple house and the Chum Bucket, of course) into rubble.

"Maybe THIS will get Mr. Krabs to finally join forces with me once and for all!" Plankton hatefully growled as he made Sandy wildly wave her arms (not to mention her fists) up and down and repeatedly jump on top of the Krusty Krab (as if she was throwing a physical temper tantrum in order to represent his mental one) until there was absolutely nothing left of it except for its "secret formula" safe (which, amazingly enough, was so obscenely durable that it actually HADN'T been broken by Sandy's tantrum; in fact, it had barely even been DENTED at all).

"OH, NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE, WHAT HAVE I DONE, WHAT HAVE I DO-HO-HO-HONE?!" Spongebob self-blamingly screamed and cried as he frantically drove his Boat-Mobile straight to (what was left of) the Krusty Krab, only to find that Sandy had indeed already finished her rampage by the time that he had finally managed to catch her.

"WAAAH HAA HAA HAA HAAAH!" Sandy suddenly (not to mention thunderously and ground-shakingly) got down onto her knees, pressed her palms against the front of her helmet and began hopelessly crying and wailing like a sad little baby as Spongebob pulled out a megaphone from the front pockets of his pants and then immediately began using it to try to talk to her and hopefully comfort her in the process.

"SANDY, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, PLEASE JUST FREAKING TELL ME ALREADY; HOW IN THE ACTUAL HELL IS YOU BEING MOCKED AT A FREAKING COMEDY CLUB NOW SUDDENLY ABLE TO PROVOKE YOU INTO DOING SOMETHING LIKE THIS?!" Spongebob EXTREMELY-furiously-and-confusedly yelled at Sandy through his megaphone while said squirrel lady suddenly removed her hands from her helmet and then clinically-depressedly looked down at him in response, still ever-so-pitifully crying, sobbing and sniffing as she did so.

"I DON'T WANNA FREAKING TALK ABOUT IT, OKAY?! PLEASE JUST FREAKING GO AWAY ALREADY, WOULD YOU PLEASE?!" Sandy VERY childishly jumped up and down yet again and ever-so-humiliatedly-and-frustratedly screamed at Spongebob while Plankton then suddenly made her blatantly-responsibility-fleeingly and EXTREMELY-thunderously run straight back over to her TreeDome with her crying face once again miserably buried beneath her hands (and, of course, her helmet) in what increasingly-clearly appeared to be a very genuinely manic fit of insecurity-and-paranoia-induced insanity.

As for the aforementioned Bikini Bottom police, they could already pretty clearly tell, despite their generally immense idiocy, that Sandy was indeed being mind-controlled by Plankton (due to her remarkably robotic-looking movements during her rampage, her rather oddly specific refusal to destroy the Chum Bucket despite the fact that she had utterly decimated the Krusty Krab, the fact that a person suddenly growing to Godzilla size for literally no reason simply wasn't possible, and most especially her COMPLETELY out-of-character attempt to quite literally break the Krabby Patty secret formula's protective safe open, of course) but were just too lazy and quite frankly too cowardly to actually do anything about said problem.

YET ANOTHER HALF-HOUR LAY-TERR, IN THE BATHROOM OF SANDY'S TREEDOME (HER TREEHOUSE, TO BE MORE PRECISE), AFTER PLANKTON HAD FINALLY SHRUNK HER, HIM AND HER SUIT BACK DOWN TO THEIR NORMAL SIZES (USING HER BRAIN CONTROL COCKPIT'S AFOREMENTIONED "SIZE" KNOB, OF COURSE) IN ORDER TO ENABLE HER TO ENTER SAID TREEDOME WHILE SPONGEBOB DROVE HIS WAY OVER TO IT USING HIS BOAT-MOBILE...

"Sandy, PLEASE tell me what's wrong, I'm BEGGING you! You've been acting so freaking crazy and WEIRD lately that I quite frankly haven't even known how to freaking RESPOND to some of your recent behavior! Did that ear tick of yours somehow manage to lay eggs in your freaking BRAIN or something? Seriously, Sandy, I NEED to know; WHAT in the actual HELL is your freaking PROBLEM?!" Spongebob (who was now once again wearing his water helmet, of course) desperately and increasingly-frustratedly begged the now-once-again-suitless-and-bikini-clad Sandy as she rather hastily and fearfully gulped down yet another Gill Pill while a rather intimidatingly large chunk of the rest of Bikini Bottom's remaining population immediately began VERY intently approaching her TreeDome on foot from literally every possible direction, carrying exactly EIGHT absolutely MASSIVE battering rams with which they were now VERY clearly planning to strike said dome on all eight "sides" of its outer rim in one great big "Zerg Rush" attack as they did so.

"Spongebob, there's something that I've been trying to tell you for quite some time now..." Sandy rather shiftily-eyedly began explaining to Spongebob, suddenly re-growing her incredibly plot-convenient neck gills RIGHT in the nick(elodeon) of time as the numerous "soldiers" in Mr. Krabs'

personal army finally reached the outer rim of her TreeDome and increasingly-eagerly readied themselves to hit said dome (and therefore break it) with their aforementioned battering rams.

"You see, the little demon who just so happens to be controlling my brain from the inside right now...is...h-his name is..." Sandy got down onto her left knee, cupped her hands around one of Spongebob's numerous (left) ear holes and began increasingly-nervously whispering into said hole...but alas, surely enough, her explanation was once again cut short at quite literally the last possible second as Plankton suddenly cranked her submissive-ness level all the way up to its absolute maximum possible setting yet again, somehow making her too SHY (rather than too arrogant) to actually admit (in a non-vague manner, at least) that Plankton had indeed snuck into her brain and (rather ironically) completely outsmarted her in the process (mostly because she was quite frankly beginning to very strongly suspect that Plankton would indeed brutally rip said brain apart from the inside as punishment if she actually DID, in fact, tell anyone else about her increasingly ignominious defeat by him and therefore reveal the fact that he, indeed, was quite literally inside her head).

"HEAVE...HOOOOOOOOOO!" Mr. Krabs and his numerous Bikini Bottomite "soldiers" surprisingly-valorously yelled at the tops of their lungs, simultaneously and repeatedly slamming all eight of their battering rams directly into Sandy's TreeDome at full force (not to mention "from all eight compass directions") as they did so until, surely enough, they actually managed to COMPLETELY shatter said dome (also breaking the limit of how much damage it was able to self-repair in the process, naturally enough), thunderously and ground-shakingly setting their battering rams down atop the VERY clearly grass-indicated outer edge of said dome's floor in a way/arrangement that deliberately covered as much of said outer floor edge as possible (after fiercely battering-ramming the place's front doors down and thoroughly covering said outer floor edge with literal bucket-loads of water-proof "world's strongest" super-glue, no less) immediately afterward just to be EXTRA-sure that said dome wouldn't be able to regenerate itself while Sandy and Spongebob increasingly-reluctantly walked out into Sandy's yard and then immediately began horrifiedly (not to mention helplessly) trembling in response to the downright-RIDICULOUSLY angry mob that was now surrounding them.

"Um, G-GUYS? Y-You DO k-know that I actually w-wasn't even t-technically in c-control of my own f-freaking ACTIONS when I d-destroyed your b-buildings, v-vehicles and what-n-not, RIGHT?" Sandy sweatily, shifty-eyedly, wobbly-kneedly, stammeringly and generally-extremely-nervously asked the Bikini Bottomites with an ever-so-adorably-fake smile on her face, folding her arms behind her back and VERY meekly crossing her legs as she did so while Spongebob suddenly removed his water helmet and then inexplicably slipped it into the back pockets of his pants as if it was literally nothing.

"Yeah, and I suppose that WE aren't going to be in control of our KICKING OF YOUR FREAKING ASS, are we?" Squidward ever-so-smugly-and-condescendingly shrugged his shoulders and INCREDIBLY-snarkily quipped while the rest of the Bikini Bottomites nodded their heads in unison and extremely-loudly cheered "OF COURSE WE ARE" in agreement.

"Um, C-CITIZENS? Can we P-PLEASE just s-settle this l-like civilized and NON-b-barbaric people? P-Pretty PLEASE?" Spongebob performed a rather distinct "jazz hands" gesture and increasingly-fearfully stammered, slowly backing away from the Bikini Bottomites in front of himself as he did so while both them and the additional Bikini Bottomites BEHIND him (not to mention generally around him) slowly but surely began creeping their way closer and closer to him and Sandy.

"Spongebob, for Neptune's sake, PLEASE just get the hell out of here already; this doesn't even freaking CONCERN you, disregarding your lovey-dovey CRUSH on this psychotic bitch!" Mr.

Krabs rudely (but rather understandably) commanded Spongebob, then began childishly and EXTREMELY-hypocritically mocking him for his incredibly mushy "boyfriend/girlfriend" relationship with Sandy.

"Spongebob and Sandy, sitting in a tree; K-I-S-S-I-N-G!" Patrick obnoxiously sang, amazingly being able to actually spell the word "kissing" correctly as he did so while Squidward, Sandy and (especially) Spongebob exasperatedly rolled their eyes in response.

"Oh, SHUT UP, Patrick!" Spongebob embarrassedly shook his right fist at Patrick and yelled at him.

"Anyway, Sandy, the REAL question here is this: what would you like to have us do to you as a substitute for us actually killing you? Personally, if I were you, I would probably choose the "death" option at this point, just between you and me..." Squidward shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-boredly-and-depressedly explained to Sandy while Plankton immediately and FAR-too-excitedly began cranking her sexual sluttish-ness level all the way up to its absolute maximum possible setting in response.

"Oh, I do believe that I've got JUST the thing for YOU guys...you freaking horny little DEVILS..." Sandy suddenly went cross-eyed (although thankfully only for a few seconds) and began incredibly-seductively-and-sluttishly teasing the Bikini Bottomites surrounding her as she very slowly and gracefully removed her already extremely revealing clothes (as in her bra, underwear and skirt, basically), leaving her utterly gorgeous naked body fully exposed for everyone around her to see (tits, vagina and all) while said Bikini Bottomites immediately began love-strickenly panting and drooling in response (not to mention absolute amazement).

"Nothing to see here, people; move along!" Squidward sarcastically chuckled, wiping the Sandy-induced nose blood off of his face with his arms as he did so.

"Now THAT right there is what I call the type of beauty that money can't buy! WHEET-WOO!" Mr. Krabs uproariously laughed (and then wolf-whistled at Sandy).

"I think I have a stiffie." Patrick rather flatly stated while the fellow Bikini Bottomites surrounding him speechlessly nodded their heads in agreement.

"I wanna die..." Spongebob rather relatably hung his head in absolute shame and dejectedly sighed as his fellow Bikini Bottomites increasingly-eagerly readied themselves to rape Sandy utterly senseless, shambling their way toward her like zombies and even mindlessly DROOLING like zombies as they did so; needless to say, Plankton was already having the time of his life in the control cockpit of Sandy's poor, POOR brain as he FAR-too-proudly readied himself to downright-FURIOUSLY masturbate as if he would quite literally NEVER get another chance to do so.

AFTER ALL OF THE BIKINI BOTTOMITES SURROUNDING SANDY (INCLUDING SPONGEBOB, PATRICK, SQUIDWARD AND MR. KRABS, OF COURSE) HAD FINALLY FINISHED STRIPPING THEMSELVES NAKED SO THAT THEIR CLOTHES WOULDN'T GET IN THE WAY OF THEIR RATHER WEIRDLY INTENSE DESIRE TO HAVE SEX WITH SANDY CHEEKS...

"OHH, YEAAAH...HERE WE GO, BITCH..." Plankton ever-so-perversely drooled, panted and moaned with delight, opening up the "pants" compartment of his suit and then immediately beginning to furiously stroke his micro-cock with his right hand yet again while the massive crowd of Bikini Bottomites surrounding Sandy finally decided, once and for all, to straight-up FUCK her.

"MY, MY...now THAT'S what I call digging for gold..." Plankton continued moaning with delight

as Mr. Krabs laid Sandy face-up on the ground, tightly grabbed her meaty and juicy thighs with his claws, and then finally began ever-so-greedily digging his way into said squirrel lady's vagina with his inexplicably extendable tongue, licking it almost-spotlessly clean as he did so while Sandy VERY loudly and orgasmically moaned in response.

"OHHH, SWEET BLOODY HEAVENS, IT'S SO IRRESISTIBLY DELICIOUS!" Mr. Krabs loudly cried in a fit of pure joy as he ravenously slurped up every last drop of Sandy's freshly ejaculated and utterly delicious pussy juice, causing Plankton to somehow become even MORE envious of said crab as a result while said squirrel lady ecstatically threw her head WAY back and downright-ear-splittingly shrieked with arousal in response to the massive vaginal orgasm that said crab had just given her.

"Now THAT is one AWFULLY big son-OF-a-bitch right there..." Plankton blushing (not to mention hungrily) licked his lips and increasingly-excitedly laughed as Patrick violently forced Sandy onto her hands and knees and then immediately began ramming his ridiculously huge and violently throbbing penis directly into the ever-so-adorably dainty and soft little hole between Sandy's big fat (ass) cheeks.

"FINLAND!" Patrick overjoyedly yelled at the tops of his ever-loving lungs as his penis shot out numerous gooey, creamy and sticky streams of cum into Sandy's mesmerizingly plump and curvy butt, causing both him and Sandy alike to dizzily sway back and forth and rather absent-mindedly drool with pleasure.

"OOH...It's just like one of my Japanese ANIMES..." Plankton dizzily and sweatily whispered to himself, beginning to stroke his tiny green dick even harder (not to mention faster, and with his left hand instead of his right) as Squidward suddenly walked right up in front of Sandy and then immediately began wholesomely wrapping his ever-so-delightfully slimy and moist tentacles around her irresistibly beautiful naked body, even going as far as to forcefully-yet-gracefully shove his intensely pulsating penis (as in the one between his legs, not the one on his face) straight up into her wonderfully cozy and fleshy vagina while ever-so-delicately-and-lovingly tongue-kissing her as he did so.

"Please forgive us for not using condoms for this..." Squidward shockingly-politely begged Sandy as she rather hilariously shoved the entirety of his nose (in other words, the dick on his face) into her mouth and began wholesomely sucking on it while the dick between his legs squirted out scrumptiously thick rivulets of squid semen into her deliciously dainty little mammal minge.

"Would somebody PLEASE just freaking PINCH me already? For Neptune's sake, I must be DREAMING right now!" Plankton ever-so-merrily laughed as Sandy increasingly-obediently got down onto her knees and began passionately sucking on Spongebob's cock, ever-so-teasingly looking up at him with her eyes and rather surprisingly-girlishly fluttering her eyelashes at him as she did so.

"Uhh...t-THANK you, S-Sandy...tee hee hee...that, uhh, t-tickles quite a b-bit..." Spongebob awkwardly, nervously, shifty-eyedly and rather embarrassedly giggled as Sandy meticulously licked all over his veiny, spongy shaft with her tongue and lovingly massaged it with her lips before then finally biting down on said shaft with her buck teeth while ever-so-playfully tickling and squeezing his nut sack with her left hand; needless to say, the result of this was rather orgasmic to say the LEAST.

"SWEET MOTHER OF JELLYFISH..." Spongebob overjoyedly gasped in astonishment as his penis uncontrollably began spurting out every last bit of built-up sea sponge semen that it had to offer into Sandy's eagerly awaiting mouth, causing him to exhaustedly (albeit incredibly lovingly)

faint onto the ground as his cum supply was indeed CUM-PLETELY depleted.

"Holy maggot-infested SHIT; these guys really are downright-INSANELY desperate for something to fuck, aren't they?!" Plankton increasingly-disgustedly gasped in absolute disbelief as the rest of the Bikini Bottomites INCREDIBLY-shamelessly began dog-piling themselves on top of Sandy and fucking her in literally every single way imaginable, to the point where even PLANKTON (of all people) was actually beginning to very seriously object to the quite frankly APPALLINGLY complete lack of moral decency in their (sexual) behavior; luckily, however, said micro-organism was indeed already fapping so ridiculously hard to said utter degeneracy that he STILL didn't even really care about how VERY truly awful and despicable it was.

"YEE-HAW!" Sandy overjoyedly yelled with delight as she gave a halibut a handjob, treated a haddock to another handjob, provided Frank with a footjob, got her clitoris stimulated by a catfish, allowed Barnacle Boy to suck on her breasts, let a pair of escolar(s) ejaculate directly into her ear canals, inserted a mackerel's penis directly into her mouth, generally made everyone around her ejaculate all over her as if there was quite literally no tomorrow, et cetera, et cetera, ad nauseam.

ONE ABSOLUTELY UNBELIEVABLE AMOUNT OF UTTER DEPRAVITY LAY-TERR...

"Oh, COME ON; seriously, what in the actual FUCK is wrong with these people?" Plankton nauseatedly (and also rather hypocritically) groaned in downright-extreme disgust as Squidward and Squilliam, after making the already-completely-cum-drenched-from-head-to-toe Sandy ever-so-submissively get down onto her knees for them, used their bare hands to yank her eyeballs right out of their sockets (causing said eyeballs to rather grotesquely dangle back and forth while their optic nerve cords just BARELY kept them attached to said sockets, naturally enough) so that the two of them could THEN proceed to increasingly-violently thrust their (crotch) penises directly into said eye sockets until FINALLY, at long last, Sandy had officially been fucked in what Plankton personally considered to be undoubtedly THE most absolutely repulsive way in which he had ever seen someone be fucked in his entire (utterly pathetic joke of a) life.

"JEEZ, do you THINK that MAYBE we should just leave this poor girl alone now? I mean, COME ON; she CLEARLY is NOT mentally stable! Like, AT ALL!" Spongebob BEYOND-revotedly scolded his fellow Bikini Bottomites, gently putting Sandy's eyeballs back into their sockets (where they belonged) as he did so while said poor, POOR (squirrel) girl exhaustedly fainted onto the ground and became completely unconscious from how downright-OBSCENELY brutally she had just been gang-raped by said Bikini Bottomites.

"BOY, you sure can say THAT again!" Plankton rather worriedly agreed as he suddenly began to VERY genuinely notice just how much the internal condition of Sandy's brain was already quite-visibly deteriorating as a blatantly direct result of her rather clearly ongoing physical and mental abuse; her neuron wires were very clearly starting to become an extremely tangled mess, and her brain tissue itself was also beginning to rather quickly rot due to the fact that Plankton had made serving as his mindless slave her only actual purpose in life. Despite secretly feeling almost as bad for the poor, POOR thing as Spongebob and Karen did, however, Plankton just didn't know when to stop when it came to being evil; in fact, to make a (rather ludicrously-excessively) long story short, he was quite frankly utterly insane himself.

"Well, I suppose that we HAVE pretty much milked her completely dry by now..." Squidward increasingly-self-loathingly sighed while Squilliam downright-horrifiedly nodded his head in agreement.

"What do you MEAN? She's never looked MORE alive to ME!" Patrick crossed his arms over his chest and indignantly pointed out while quite a few of his fellow Bikini Bottomites surprisingly-

revoltedly gasped at him in response.

"SHUT UP, PATRICK!" Spongebob shook his right fist at Patrick and VERY furiously screamed at him.

"FINE! I suppose I WILL, then! HMPH!" Patrick continued crossing his arms over his chest and annoyedly grumbled, rolling his eyes as he did so while Spongebob rolled his OWN eyes, shrugged his shoulders and increasingly-exasperatedly thought "with friends like these" to himself in response.

"You know what? Just...just do whatever you want with her, but please don't blame US if/when the freaking crazy bitch ends up brutally attacking you and/or trying to steal all of your money, okay?" Mr. Krabs hung his head in truly immense shame and reluctantly told/warned Spongebob as Sandy suddenly began rather abnormally and presumably-psychological-trauma-inducedly twitching in her sleep.

"Don't worry...I won't..." Spongebob clasped his hands together, hung his OWN head in nearly incalculable shame and exhaustedly sighed, with INCREDIBLY genuine tears trickling their way down his face as he did so.

"Come on guys, let's go..." Mr. Krabs surprisingly-regretfully groaned as he and his fellow Bikini Bottomites (excluding Spongebob and technically Sandy) immediately walked off to who-knows-where (hopefully to downtown Bikini Bottom, so that they could perhaps try to rebuild it), leaving Spongebob and Sandy completely alone in the absolute most soul-crushingly depressing way possible.

Chapter 3

ROUGHLY TEN MINUTES LAY-TERR, "IN" SANDY'S UTTERLY RUINED TREEDOME, AFTER SAID SQUIRREL LADY HAD GOTTEN HER LIBIDO DIALED BACK DOWN TO ITS NORMAL LEVEL BY PLANKTON AND THEN FINALLY WOKEN UP FROM HER SEXUAL-AROUSAL-OVERLOAD-INDUCED UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

"S-Spongebob? W-WHAT d-do I f-feel as if I h-have roughly h-half of m-my entire b-body c-covered with r-right now?" the still-completely-naked and THANKFULLY still-gill-having Sandy (who was still every bit as submissive as she could possibly be, partially due to Plankton and partially just as an incredibly tragic result of what she had just recently been through DUE to Plankton) VERY fearfully stammered, curling herself up into a helpless, bloodshot-eyed, mangy-furred, semen-and-saliva-soaked, CUM-CRYING, upright-sitting and audibly trembling little ball and rather firmly pressing her back against the trunk of her THANKFULLY-still-undamaged TreeHouse as she did so.

"Why, SEMEN, of course!" Spongebob tightly clutched his chest with both of his hands and ever-so-playfully giggled at the EXTREMELY unfortunate Sandy's expense, as if the fact that the poor (squirrel) girl's TreeDome had been COMPLETELY demolished (except for the TreeHouse within it, oddly enough) by Mr. Krabs' Bikini Bottomite "soldiers" wasn't already bad enough; needless to say, her aforementioned extremely fearful trembling rather notably intensified IMMEDIATELY after she heard said news.

"F-from WHO and/or WHAT, p-pardon my asking?" Sandy looked over at Spongebob and increasingly-worriedly asked him, horrifiedly shuddering at the mere thought of what the answer to said question most likely was as an absolutely LUDICROUS amount of semen from various sea creature species continued to downright-nauseatingly drip and ooze its way down her naked body.

"Why, only SO many different types of Bikini Bottomites that I don't even know where to freaking BEGIN, of course!" Spongebob shrugged his shoulders and sarcastically chuckled before then rubbing his belly with his right hand, licking his cum-covered lips and disturbingly-proudly going "MMM" while Sandy suddenly became even MORE scared (in fact, quite nearly speechless) in response.

"And, uhh...W-WHERE exactly d-did you g-get that c-cum that you're eating r-right NOW?" Sandy rather reluctantly asked the suddenly cum-DROOLING Spongebob, visibly bracing herself for what she VERY clearly already knew that his answer to said question was undoubtedly going to be as she did so.

"Why, I licked it right off of YOU while you were still asleep from how disgustingly-brutally those guys had RAPED you, of course!" Spongebob pantingly, blushingly and generally-awkwardly admitted to Sandy while the positively MASSIVE amount of (sea creature) semen that he had just regurgitated into his mouth continued to nauseatingly-sloppily leak out of said mouth, causing the poor, POOR (squirrel) girl to officially no longer be able to resist her increasingly unbearable urge to scream in absolute horror.

"AUUUUUUUUGH!" Sandy could be heard disgustedly screaming in absolute horror from a quite frankly hilariously long distance away (thankfully not cracking her TreeDome in the process this time, since there quite frankly WAS no TreeDome left for her to break) while Spongebob tightly clutched his chest with both of his hands and uproariously laughed (in a downright-miserably failed attempt to cheer her up, of course) in response.

"Hey, where in the heck are you GOING?" Spongebob VERY melodramatically thrust out his right palm toward Sandy and somewhat-confusedly asked her as she immediately took off running into her TreeHouse.

"I'm GOING to take a freaking SHOWER, ya FOOL!" Sandy jokingly (but still EXTREMELY-disgustedly) yelled at Spongebob while said sponge rather worriedly followed her into her TreeHouse so that he could make sure that she wasn't going to tear, cut and/or burn said house down in yet another utterly psychotic fit of rage.

"Hold ON, Sandy; let ME take one first, you silly GOOSE!" Spongebob ever-so-lovingly teased Sandy as the two of them understandably-hastily raced each other into the rather confusingly water-tight bathroom of Sandy's TreeHouse (despite the fact that Spongebob needed water in order to be able to breathe, his shower was going to provide him with water anyway, you see).

ROUGHLY THIRTY MORE MINUTES, EXACTLY ONE SHOWER FOR SPONGEBOB, AND EXACTLY ONE EXTREMELY LONG AND CLEANSING SHOWER FOR SANDY (COMPLETE WITH ANTI-STD BODY WASH AND AN INCREDIBLY POWERFUL BIRTH-CONTROL PILL) LAY-TERR, AFTER SPONGEBOB HAD FINALLY CALMED SANDY DOWN (SOMEWHAT, AT LEAST), RE-CLOTHED HIMSELF SO THAT HE WAS ONCE AGAIN WEARING HIS USUAL OUTFIT (WHILE SANDY DID THE SAME, OF COURSE), AND THEN FINALLY DRIVEN HER OVER TO HIS (PINEAPPLE) HOUSE USING HIS BOAT-MOBILE...

"Alright, now here's some good old TV to help you calm down..." Spongebob comfortingly explained as he gently and politely directed the once-again-suitless-and-bikini-clad Sandy into her seat on his makeshift two-person sofa and then turned said TV on using his remote, once again ironically making her watch a news report about the exact same crazy shit that had just recently happened to her in the process and thus causing the poor (squirrel) girl to increasingly-depressedly groan "not again" in response as he then immediately ran over to his garage.

"And here's your breathing suit, just in case your gills suddenly stop working..." Spongebob ran straight back over to Sandy and ever-so-lovingly explained as he carefully and quietly laid one of said squirrel lady's rather surprisingly numerous spare copies of her suit onto the floor right behind the sofa that she was now once again sitting in, causing her to rather annoyedly mutter "they work for an entire freaking DAY per pill, you idiot" underneath her breath in response while Spongebob immediately ran straight back over to his garage.

"And NOW, let's check your cranium to see exactly WHAT actually is going on in there right now!" Spongebob rather sweatily ran straight back over to Sandy and VERY eagerly suggested as he VERY quickly turned on his X-Ray camera and then immediately readied himself to point said camera directly into Sandy's ever-so-fearfully trembling head...when all of a sudden, completely without warning, his TV automatically switched itself to Channel BRAIN to show Plankton's comically ugly one-eyed mug surprisingly-menacingly staring straight at him and Sandy (making Sandy EXTREMELY horrified to say the LEAST, naturally enough).

"PLANKTON! How DARE you?" Spongebob excessively-loudly gasped in nearly immeasurable disgust as his X-Ray camera officially confirmed Plankton's presence in Sandy's brain once and for all (just in case you're wondering about the whole "Channel BRAIN" thing, Plankton had brought it into existence by flipping the "Brain-To-TV Camera Link" switch in Sandy's brain control cockpit into its ON position after setting the actual audio-AND-video-recording "Brain-To-TV" cameras in Sandy's brain to their "Automatically Focus On Loudest Speaker" mode, with said cameras ALSO somehow being able to "zoom in" on both video AND audio; please don't question it).

"Oh, I freaking DARE, believe me!" Plankton shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-smugly joked at the absolutely speechless Sandy's expense while Spongebob nearly threw up from how utterly disgusted he was by the mere thought of what said micro-organism had presumably done to said squirrel lady from the inside of her own head just for the pure sadism-fetish-induced pleasure of doing so.

"And you'd surely-as-Hell BETTER listen up, my dearly beloved HOST, because I'm only going to tell you this ONE freaking time: YOU ARE GOING TO LIVE THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE STINKING LIFE AS MY ETERNALLY OBEDIENT FLESH PUPPET, AND YOU ARE GOING TO FREAKING ENJOY DOING SO!" Plankton placed his right hand over his chest and began surprisingly-politely explaining, then suddenly (not to mention bloodshot-eyedly) clutched his helmet with both of his hands (not to mention quite nearly all of his might) and began maniacally laughing and shrieking at the tops of his lungs while Spongebob and Sandy audibly trembled in fear all the while.

"And what are you gonna do if she DOESN'T, huh? What, are you going to try to dismantle HER insanely powerful brain from the inside with THOSE utterly pitiful little hands of yours? GIVE ME A FREAKING BREAK!" Spongebob placed his hands onto his hips and VERY sarcastically asked Plankton, then suddenly clutched his chest with both of his hands and uproariously laughed while the pupils of Sandy's (bloodshot and horrifiedly twitching) eyes once again turned into big black circles in response.

"Spongebob, you're REALLY not freaking helping!" Sandy leaned over toward Spongebob and VERY irritatedly hissed at him while Plankton was busy throwing his arms straight up into the air and maniacally laughing in a downright-ridiculously over-dramatic manner (not to mention activating the "mechanical bat wings" feature of his suit, as if he wasn't "obviously evil" enough already) as his way of preparing himself for what he had already been very deliberately planning to say next.

"OH; why, of COURSE I'm going to completely tear this UTTERLY PITIFUL and adorably fragile little brain of hers apart from the inside if you and/or her even freaking DARE to disobey me! In fact, where would the two of you most prefer for me to START, hmm?" Plankton (after he had finally finished crying with laughter) shrugged his shoulders, crossed his arms over his chest and increasingly-sadistically snarked at Sandy's expense while Sandy increasingly-horrifiedly muttered "how about NOWHERE?" underneath her breath, worrying herself quite nearly to death as she did so.

"These lovely little NERVE CELL connectors of hers, perhaps?" Plankton flew straight up into Sandy's neuron wire network (which, again, was already a tangled mess due to what Plankton had done to her) and ever-so-teasingly asked as he pulled out a giant pair of rubber-handled hedge shears from his suit's Hammerspace pocket, pulled it wide open and then held it right in front of an especially large cluster of said squirrel lady's neuron wires as if he was about to cut it using said hedge shears.

"Or maybe her precious little behavioral COMMAND center?" Plankton even-MORE-teasingly asked as he flew straight back down into Sandy's brain control cockpit, opened up her brain control super-computer's disc drive, then finally reached into his suit's Hammerspace pocket yet again and pulled out a malware disc that had the description "absolutely LOADED to the brim with viruses" quite literally written all over it using black Sharpie ink, rather seductively raising his eyebrow at said squirrel lady as he did so.

"Or while we're at it, how about HER STUPID LOUSY BRAIN TISSUE ITSELF, FOLLOWED BY HER FREAKING BRAIN STEM?!" Plankton suddenly began maniacally laughing and

screaming yet again as he flew into the exact center of Sandy's brain, pulled out a battery-powered chainsaw from his suit's Hammerspace pocket and then ear-to-ear-grinningly revved said chainsaw up with VERY genuinely psychotic glee, causing Sandy herself to accidentally urinate into her underwear from how utterly terrified she was while Spongebob accidentally urinated into his pants.

"PLANKTON, FOR GOD'S SAKE, PLEASE JUST FUCKING STOP THIS ALREADY!" Karen suddenly barged right into Spongebob's house through its thankfully unlocked front door (ALSO completely without warning, needless to say) and downright-FURIOUSLY screamed at him, inexplicably transforming her right hand into a ridiculously sharp sword blade and EXTREMELY-awkwardly twitching her body several times (in order to make Spongebob, Sandy and Plankton think that she was malfunctioning, of course) as she did so.

"And what if I DON'T, honey? What are you gonna do, CHOP SANDY'S HEAD OFF?" Plankton shrugged his shoulders and ever-so-smugly asked Karen while Sandy continued helplessly trembling in fear.

"DON'T FUCKING UNDERESTIMATE ME, YOU GOD-DAMNED SMUG PIECE OF SHIT!" Karen suddenly charged directly toward Sandy and increasingly-infuriatedly yelled at Plankton, gently grabbing Sandy by the back of said squirrel lady's neck with her left hand and then bringing the cutting edge of her right "arm sword" dangerously close to the front of said squirrel lady's neck as she did so while Spongebob and Sandy both audibly gulped and gave Karen incredibly weird and frightened looks in response.

"OKAY, OKAY! JEEZ, WOMAN!" Plankton performed a rather distinct "jazz hands" gesture and exasperatedly yelled back at Karen while Sandy and Spongebob both resoundingly sighed with relief in response.

"Anyway, what do you want me to do?" Plankton then shrugged his shoulders and rather surprisingly-calmly asked Karen while Sandy thankfully began to naturally regain her confidence (in other words, her dominance) as a result of said computer wife's increasingly-clearly intense love for her.

"Oh, I'll tell you what I want YOU to do; GET OUT OF MY FUCKING HEAD RIGHT NOW, YOU GOD-DAMNED CREEP!" Sandy shook her right fist at Spongebob's TV and BEYOND-disgustedly yelled at Plankton while Karen thankfully stopped threatening to chop the poor squirrel lady's head off and transformed her right "arm sword" back into the right hand that it was supposed to be in response.

"Well, yeah, that most ESPECIALLY..." Karen crossed her arms over her chest and also-BEYOND-disgustedly agreed with Sandy, seethingly glaring at Plankton with her (digital) eyes as she did so.

"GEEZ, you sure can say THAT again! BLECH!" Spongebob also agreed, nodding his head and then revoltedly sticking out his tongue for emphasis while Sandy wordlessly nodded her own head in agreement.

"...but first, I need you to set this poor, POOR girl's confidence level back to where it BELONGS!" Karen placed her hands onto her hips and VERY angrily commanded Plankton while Sandy crossed her arms over her chest and continued nodding her head in agreement.

"Well, I mean, it was kind of already getting there on its own ever since you arrived here to defend her, but sure, why not?" Plankton boredly rambled as he rather tiredly cranked Sandy's dominance level all the (rest of the) way back up to its normal setting, causing said squirrel lady to suddenly look even MORE angry about what he had done to her as a result; needless to say, Sandy was

gritting her teeth, clenching her fists, turning bright steaming red and intensely shaking (the entire sofa that she was sitting on) with pure, unmistakable and quite nearly unbridled rage.

"Um, any-w-way, n-now that you've g-gotten T-THAT t-taken c-care of..." Karen performed yet another rather distinct "jazz hands" gesture and tremblingly stammered from the mere sight of how utterly livid Plankton's treatment of Sandy had made said squirrel lady while Spongebob intensely wobbled his knees in what could only be described as truly abject fear.

"...now that you've gotten THAT taken care of..." Karen reluctantly continued while Sandy FINALLY took a deep breath and (somewhat) calmed herself down, causing Spongebob to rather loudly sigh with relief in response.

"...I would like for you to indeed get out of Sandy's fucking head RIGHT NOW!" Karen rather surprisingly-politely explained, then suddenly threw her arms straight up into the "air" and downright-furiously yelled at Plankton yet again while said micro-organism somewhat-confusedly scratched his helmet with his right hand in response due to the fact that he was quite frankly still a bit unsure of exactly HOW he was supposed to accomplish said task without Sandy having to first get her entire skull cut open.

"And HOW exactly am I supposed to do THAT, pardon my asking? What, do you want me to just go through one of her inner ears BACKWARDS or some shit?" Plankton threw his arms out beside himself and began VERY indignantly whining, before then suddenly realizing just how horrible, wonderful and utterly AWFUL of an idea Karen was most likely already having as he spoke.

"Oh, no...oh, GOD, no...not the nose...PLEASE not the nose...ANYTHING but that, I'm BEGGING you...that method is just...it's just so utterly BENEATH me!" Plankton got down onto his knees, placed his hands together into prayer position and began downright-pathetically begging Karen, squeezing numerous blatantly fake tears from his eye as he did so while Karen, Sandy and (to a lesser extent) Spongebob resoundingly face-palmed themselves and groaned in response.

"REALLY, Plankton? Having to get a little bit of my SNOT on your shoes is something that you STILL consider 'beneath' you after what YOU'VE done to me?" Sandy crossed her arms over her chest, rolled her eyes and downright-disbelievably sneered at Plankton while Karen crossed her OWN arms over her OWN chest, regretfully shook her head as if to say "no", and ever-so-hatefully muttered "(Dear God, Plankton is such a) fucking hoity-toity little twat" to herself underneath her breath.

"You know WHAT? On second thought, you can just fucking FORGET about wearing SHOES, mister! Once you reach Sandy's nose, that whole damned fancy-schmancy SUIT of yours is immediately coming RIGHT off, do you fucking hear me? Do NOT just assume that me technically still being your wife automatically means that I'll hesitate to literally fucking MURDER you if you disobey me, you utterly despicable little RAT!" Karen waved her left index finger at Plankton (while placing her right hand onto her right hip and even swaying her hips back and forth as she did so, no less) and ever-so-sassily commanded/teased said micro-organism while Sandy continued crossing her arms over her chest and smirkingly glared at him in agreement.

"UGH...FINE..." Plankton increasingly-indignantly groaned as he FINALLY made his way out of Sandy's rather confusingly water-tight AND water-proof brain using the "emergency exit" hatch that had been rather cleverly camouflaged into the floor of its temporal lobe (in other words, said hatch was just above and also right in front of her brain stem), then, after flying/swimming his way through the rather amusingly water-filled cranium surrounding said astonishingly large and powerful-looking brain and then into the (literal) right one of the nostrils right beneath Sandy's bloodshot-eyeball-filled eye sockets, turned off his suit's "mechanical bat wings" feature before

THEN reluctantly but obediently removing said suit (including its helmet, since he was now underwater) so that Sandy's nose would be able to get its mucus all over HIM rather than just his normally non-existent clothes.

"Come on, Sandy, say AHH..." Plankton begrudgingly whispered, shoving all of the other pieces of his suit into its main torso/leg piece's Hammerspace pocket and then carrying said "main piece" with his arms as he then proceeded to increasingly-rapidly rub his natural antennae against the nauseatingly hairy and mucus-coated inner walls of Sandy's right nostril (her right "nose canal", if you will) in a rather distinct "tickling" motion, causing her to very quickly develop an extremely unbearable urge to sneeze as a result.

"AHHH...AHHHHHHH...AHHHHHHH-CHOOOOOOOOOO!" Sandy began moaning in rapidly increasing discomfort, then loudly yelled as she suddenly sneezed so ridiculously hard that said sneeze instantly blew nearly all of the mucus right out of her nose and even blew HER backward to the point where she nearly ended up knocking the entire sofa that she was sitting on right over as a result; needless to say, as an additional result of said sneeze, Plankton and his suit were both sent mucus-ensnaredly flying straight toward the floor of Spongebob's living room at what would normally be considered terminal velocity (in layman's terms, "certain death" speed) in real life.

"I fucking HATE my life SO much..." Plankton nauseatedly groaned as, after his ridiculously long and remarkably Disney-villain-esque fall, he somehow hit the floor of Spongebob's living room back-first with absolutely no major injuries whatsoever due to the incredibly thick and sticky layer of nasal mucus that he was now encased in while his equally mucus-encased suit ever-so-conveniently landed right next to him just to add insult to injury(?).

"Plankton, you've got a quite frankly INCALCULABLE amount of explaining to do right now! ESPECIALLY if you somehow still value your utterly pitiful joke of a LIFE!" Karen EXTREMELY-seethingly scolded Plankton, inexplicably transforming her hands into a "grow ray" cannon (her left hand) and a "teleportation ray" cannon (her right hand) and then using the former device to grow both Plankton and his suit back to their normal sizes before THEN using the latter device to teleport Plankton's suit straight back to the Chum Bucket as she did so.

"Plankton, let me tell you something right here AND right now: you don't even know the fucking TENTH, let alone the half, of how god-damned MAD I am at you right now..." Sandy (after rather rudely wiping the snot off of her nose with her left arm) suddenly sprang right back up onto her feet and then FAR-beyond-revoltedly-and-furiously snarled at Plankton, clenching her fists so tightly that her palms nearly bled and audibly shaking with pent-up rage while her teeth nearly broke from how tightly she was clenching THEM together as she slowly but surely stomped her way toward her former brain parasite with all of her might, EXTREMELY-intimidatingly shaking Spongebob's entire living room with each individual one of said stomps while Spongebob himself meekly and pants-wettingly cowered behind the sofa that Sandy had previously been sitting on (and also while Karen rather impressively-nonchalantly transformed her hands back into...well, hands).

"Umm...HEE HEE...n-no hard f-feelings, R-RIGHT?" Plankton very sweatily and EXTREMELY-pathetically-and-helplessly stammered, still being completely unable to move as he did so; don't even ask me how, but when Karen had used her "grow ray" cannon to enlarge Plankton and his suit, the mucus that said things had become stuck (to the floor) in had somehow also been equally enlarged as a result, without affecting the sizes of any other objects/things whatsoever.

"No hard feelings? NO HARD FUCKING FEELINGS?!" Sandy, who was now INCREASINGLY-angrily standing right in front of Plankton, supremely-bewilderedly gasped at him before then ever-so-exasperatedly throwing her arms out beside herself and utterly-disbelievingly screaming at him at the tops of her thankfully-not-shriveling-up-and-dying lungs.

"Hmm...let's just SEE here, SHALL we?" Sandy rather inquisitively cupped her chin in her right hand and VERY sarcastically began explaining while Plankton increasingly-exhaustedly muttered "geez, woman; SAY it, don't SPRAY it" underneath his breath in response to what said squirrel lady had indeed furiously screamed at him in her previous line of dialogue.

"You snuck into my fucking BRAIN while I was asleep and then used said brain to mind-control me into becoming your personal torture doll like the total fucking sadistic COWARD that you are...you presumably stroked your fucking slimy green cock to me having to go through undoubtedly THE most ridiculously painful surgery experience of my entire god-damned LIFE...you turned me into the utterly pathetic laughing stock of nearly EVERYONE in Bikini Bottom just for YOUR own DISGUSTINGLY sadistic amusement...you attempted to fucking FRAME me by using me as 'the destroyer OF Bikini Bottom'...you proudly watched as a clearly ENORMOUS angry mob of people literally TORE MY FUCKING DOME DOWN and then gang-raped me nearly to DEATH...OH, and just to add the ICING to the cake, you THEN had the fucking 'NERVE' to force me to helplessly watch as you threatened to LITERALLY dismantle my fucking central nervous system from the inside! Don't even fucking TRY to tell me that you somehow still deserve my sympathy after all of the things that I just mentioned, you utterly DETESTABLE asshole! Don't you fucking DARE!" Sandy increasingly-furiously ranted at Plankton while Karen crossed her arms over her chest and ever-so-snarkily muttered "oh, how even the mightiest of villains have fallen" to herself underneath her breath in response.

"WAIT, WAIT, WAIT; PLEASE DON'T STEP ON ME YET, I'M BEGGING YOO-HOO-HOO-HOU!" Plankton INCREASINGLY-pitifully screamed and cried as Sandy very ominously lifted her right foot off of the floor, wiggling its toes for emphasis as she fist-clenchingly and VERY eagerly readied herself to EXTREMELY-well-deservedly squish Plankton like the utterly degenerate little over-glorified insect that he quite frankly was.

"Pardon my asking, but why SHOULDN'T I, exactly?" Sandy looked straight down at Plankton and INCREASINGLY-irritatedly-and-impatiently asked him, still not moving her right foot from its aforementioned "ready to stomp" position at all as she did so.

"Because I still need more time to fascinatedly gaze through your skirt and admire the simply MESMERIZING beauty of your under- GYAAAAAAAAAAH!" Plankton puppy-dog-eyedly and perversely-droolingly began explaining to Sandy...before he was then UNBELIEVABLY-well-deservedly cut off mid-sentence by Sandy's aforementioned right foot coming down right on top of him and squishing him into the mucky green slime that he was (before then twisting itself back and forth several times just to smear him all over its sole even more thoroughly, of course).

"UGH...good fucking RIDDANCE! Jesus CHRIST!" Sandy disgustedly spat (literally, onto the aforementioned sole of her right foot, while "poor little" Puddle Plankton was still stuck to said sole and encased in her nasal mucus) while said micro-organism increasingly-nauseatedly groaned "if I could throw up right now, I WOULD", causing Sandy, Karen and Spongebob to tightly clutch their chests with their hands and uproariously laugh at his VERY-much-needed expense in response.

"Now tell me, Sandy; how would you like to go and FINALLY get that utterly despicable little SHIT locked up in prison once and for all using my ludicrously un-realistic ability to wirelessly connect myself to your brain and display live eyeball-captured video footage from its memory banks, scan it for traces of said little shit's DNA, et cetera?" Karen excitedly asked Sandy as the two of them VERY excitedly approached each other and then immediately began increasingly-lovingly holding hands with each other (Sandy's right hand was holding Karen's left hand, and vice versa).

"Gee whiz, that sounds so incredibly FASCINATING!" Sandy ecstatically squealed with literally THE most adorably blushing and smiling of facial expressions while Karen gave herself a quite nearly perfect digital replication of said facial expression and downright-sickeningly-cutely went "TEE HEE HEE" in response, causing even SPONGEBOB (of all people) to QUITE nearly vomit for multiple reasons in the process.

"WILL YOU MARRY ME?" Sandy heart-meltingly puppy-dog-eyedly asked Karen in the absolute cutest and sweetest tone of voice that she was capable of while Plankton and Spongebob very loudly, increasingly-disgustedly and VERY angrily yelled "HEY!" at said squirrel lady in response (not to mention unison).

"ME? Marrying YOU? What are you, freaking CRAZY? I'm a bloody COMPUTER, you blithering DOLT!" Karen increasingly-lovingly teased Sandy as the two of them shockingly-warmly hugged each other, even going so far as to "kiss" each other (basically, Karen made a digital "kissy" face on her screen, then Sandy kissed the "mouth" part of THAT) as they did so while Spongebob just motionlessly, speechlessly and (rather understandably) downright-HORRIFIEDLY stared at them in response.

"Yeah, and you and I also haven't even gotten our clearly much-needed fucking DIVORCE yet, Karen!" Plankton bitterly sneered at Karen from the bottom of Sandy's right foot while said squirrel lady proudly re-suited herself using the spare suit that Spongebob had aforementionedly left behind the sofa that she had just sat on (again, due to the Gill Pill that she had taken earlier, she now had both gills AND lungs; please try not to think too hard about it, okay?), making sure to put said suit's boots on ESPECIALLY tightly as she did so.

"Oh, SHUT UP, you miserable freaking SCUM of the Earth!" Sandy extremely-merrily and BEYOND-relievedly teased Plankton as she and Karen increasingly-adorably-excitedly (not to mention hand-holdingly) walked out of Spongebob's front door together (while Plankton rather hilariously, not to mention nauseatedly, groaned in immensely well-deserved pain and humiliation with each and every right footstep that Sandy performed, naturally enough), leaving Spongebob completely alone, completely flabbergasted, completely betrayed by the love of his life, and generally COMPLETELY speechless.

"Well, THAT sure was something, wasn't it?" Spongebob shrugged his shoulders and rather embarrassedly chuckled to his show's viewers as the screen faded to black in classic Looney Tunes style, followed by a THE END picture that indeed showed Sandy and Karen appearing as each other's brides at an undersea lesbian wedding while Plankton ever-so-indignantly whined "thanks for getting me locked up in JAIL, you freaking degenerate cheating WHORES" off-screen.

FIN

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!